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The Week

GOOD American citizens will, we trust, consider carefully the full significance of the statement uttered by Mr. Roland Boyden, American observer on the Reparations Commission, at the meeting of that body which declared Germany in voluntary default. Mr. Boyden, it should be premised, is a man who has won universal esteem in Europe for his moderation, his intellectual honesty, his practical good sense and his fairness of spirit. He has represented the American government on the Reparations Commission for several years and has familiarized himself by long experience with its methods, its policies and its legal powers. As we understand Mr. Boyden's statement, he declared that for practical purposes it was almost impossible to draw a distinction between voluntary and involuntary default on the part of Germany. The German government could allege plausible and in a sense sound excuses for its default, but the default was nevertheless voluntary under the meaning of the Treaty. Germany had, consequently, legally incurred the prodigious penalties for which that document provided. He added that "the conditions imposed by the Treaty had been demonstrated to be impossible" and "the impossibility affected not only Germany's financial obligations to the Allies but also obligations like the coal and wood deliveries."

IF Mr. Roland Boyden's words are true, they are surely an implicit justification for a description of the occupation of the Ruhr as an unmitigated offence against international order and right. The victors in the war forced Germany to sign a treaty which exacted of her impossible payments. They attached penalties for the failure of Germany to meet these impossible obligations which deprived the German people of the very essentials of security and self-government. They placed Germany in the position of being an inevitable defaulter and of incurring as a consequence of the default any penalty which her enemies might care to inflict. In the course of time Germany defaults, as she must necessarily do, and France chooses, as a penalty for the inevitable failure, to occupy the district which contains Germany's one remaining mineral resource of any great value. She does this with the explicit approval of Italy and Belgium, the implicit approval of the Little Entente, the benevolent neutrality of Great Britain and the mild disapproval of the American government. There is a large body of public opinion in Great Britain and America which warns France that she will not collect any reparations by occupying the Ruhr, but practically none which tells what a deplorable and probably irreparable offence she is committing against the most rudimentary rules of justice. The amount of vigorous and emphatic protest is almost negligible. What there is comes from a few European labor organizations. The Christian churches as usual are silent at the critical moment. They are gathering courage to denounce war in general, but they have allowed it to be incorporated in the law of Europe without protest, and when a war actually breaks out they are always, as they are now, both for and against it. No wonder civilization is in danger.

AMERICAN as well as European civilization is passing through an attack of St. Vitus' dance. The honorable peculiarity of American civilization has been its supposed superiority to racial discrimination. Of course racial discriminations have always existed, particularly in the case of the Negro, but the better American national conscience has not authorized their existence. That is now changed. It

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is changed if the better American national conscience is represented by the administration of Harvard College. Harvard College compels all its Freshmen to live and eat in a single group of buildings for the purpose presumably of wearing away by contact and association regional, class and racial distinctions and of building up a common Harvard consciousness. But this compulsion is exercised only on white Freshmen. A black Freshman is equally under compulsion, but he is compelled to be an outcast. No common Harvard consciousness for him. He is not permitted to live in the Freshman dormitories. His presence might be offensive to some of his fellow students, and Harvard must bow to scruples of this kind. It is no part of the business of Harvard to set its students a good example by giving to Negroes the same kind of social advantages which it gives to the other races. In this matter it has ceased to be an educational institution. It is enough to tempt the ghost of Robert Gould Shaw to stalk disconsolately at night through the corridors of Memorial Hall.

COMPLACENT and provincial New Yorkers doubtless thought, when they voted for Hylan and threw out the "Gary System," that the doom of the objectionable method was sounded. A recent circular of the Federal Bureau of Education shows that in the last ten years the system, under the shrewder, non-committal title of the "Platoon System," has been adopted by forty-five cities in nineteen states. The total population of these communities is over eight million. The cities having the method include towns as large as Philadelphia, Detroit and Pittsburgh; as small as Stuttgart, Arkansas, and Greenwich, Connecticut, and intermediate cities like Rochester, Seattle and Memphis. Probably some of these places have chiefly adopted the mechanical and administrative features of the scheme, others its vital or educational characteristics. But upon the whole public education has made a greater advance than in any other decade of American history. Things which were thought ten years ago to be impossible of introduction into any but small, privately financed schools are now part of the regular activities of the schools in many large centres. In New York, however, every newspaper tells of the decrease in school sittings, the increase of half-time pupils, and of the rows between the Board of Estimate and the school authorities, and within the school system itself. Sometime the papers will get around to record the fact that while a city like Detroit has embodied in its working organization subjects and methods that ten years ago were hardly more than dreams, New York has stood still educationally.

MOREHOUSE PARISH, Louisiana, was not long ago as peaceful and easy going as any county, South or North. Like any county it had its fair proportion of undesirable citizens—bootleggers, loose livers and the unco guid without sin, blistering with righteous zeal to cast the first stone. The Klan appeared, no doubt with the best intention of supplying the hand of the law with the scourge of scorpions it seemed to lack. In the nature of the case, the Klan had to assume the form of an auxiliary government, with authority concentrated in an inner clique and an autocrat. Therewith the centre of gravity of crime was shifted. This auxiliary government, like any other, came to regard opposition to itself as the deadliest of all crime. Bootlegging and concubinage paled to insignificance in comparison with "talking against the Klan." It was on this heinous charge that respectable men were ordered on pain of beating or death to flee the parish, leaving their homes and business. And it was on this charge, coupled with the accusation of complicity in an attempt to murder a Klansman—probably an attempt that was never made—that two young men were put to death after indescribable tortures. The details may be novel. But given the attempt to organize a secret, oath bound auxiliary government, the rest follows as merely a striking example in natural history.

WHILE the French are battering at the European foundations from the west, it is a safe guess that the forces of destruction are gathering in the east. Korfanty, it is reported, is preparing to seize another slice of Silesia, if the German government collapses. The Lithuanians are trying to effect a fait accompli in Memel. The Magyars are looking about for a chance to rewrite their boundaries. The Soviet government, whether it trusts in God or not, is keeping its powder dry. There is an ancient prophecy, attributed to Napoleon, that Europe is to be either all French or all Cossack. And the Cossacks have more than once given proof that they take the prophecy seriously. They will not want for a pretext of action if matters go much amiss with Germany. The boundary between Russia and Poland is not settled yet, and the question of "compensation" would arise if Poland proceeded to expand toward the west. The French pretend to despise Russian military power, but this is an affectation. Trotsky's legions would acquit themselves well in a war of movement, and France is in no position to finance a highly capitalized war of stagnation, like that of the late Western front. It would promptly bankrupt France to defend Poland against a really serious Russian assault, and the Russians know it. And they would do a good deal to bankrupt the state which ever since the Revolution has shown herself to be Russia's most implacable enemy.

OF the five billion dollars in money or in property that Germany has paid over to the Allies from the armistice up to March 1921, about $1,500,000,000 has been applied to the support of the armies of occupation. In other words, Germany has been paying out over one million dollars every day for the support of the debt collectors

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waiting in her front hall. These Allied debt collectors have eaten up an amount equal to about a third of the total amount paid on the debt. Taking Mr. Keynes's 1920 estimate of $10,000,000,000 as a reasonable reparation figure, Germany could have discharged the principal of her obligation by paying every year for twenty-five years what she has been paying for the support of Allied occupation. And these million dollars a day for four years have been an almost dead loss to all concerned. Signor Nitti, in a book on The Decadence of Europe—parts of which have been published in the Manchester Guardian—has collected data to show the wasteful folly of the Allies' military occupation and the civil commissions which form their debt collecting machinery. Most of the six billion gold marks which all this has cost might just as well have been spilt into the sea.

HERE is part of Signor Nitti's tale: When Germany was at the height of her power, she had 70,000 men in 28 centres of what is now territory occupied by 130,000 Allied troops distributed in 228 places. These Allied troops have used 22,700 billets, 13,000 of them single rooms, in private houses; and for their convenience the 16,000 pupils of sixty schools in which the troops were housed had to turn elsewhere. Before the war Germany had in the present occupied territory nine aviation camps. The Allies have added twenty-four new ones, withdrawing from agriculture five square miles of good land. The municipalities have been forced to maintain brothels for the troops of occupation, to supply German women for them, and to pay the bills. Rates of pay for Allied officials and troops in Germany have been much higher than what they received at home. "The Chancellor and all the Ministers of State of Germany together," says Signor Nitti, "do not receive as much as two generals of the Entente." Allied privates get three times as much as higher German officials. No wonder the American privates, whose incomes have been 3,000,000 marks a year, are not anxious to leave the Rhine. None of these Allied officials and now useless commissions are eager to be taken away from such a gold mine. In May, 1921, the 752 officials of the Interallied Commission of Control had completed the job for which the commission was formed, but 450 of them are still on the Commission's payroll.

CONSIDER too the payroll of the Rhine Comsion, which was to have consisted of four members, but "has had a membership of as many as 1,300 persons, including seventy-five delegates claiming the accommodation and allowances of brigadier-generals." Consider this commission's carpet, in the palace at Coblenz, which cost half a million marks, and 25,000 marks more to "keep up." Consider the single Allied General who, in 1921, when the mark was far from its present low level, cost the German people, including his pay, allowances, and quarters, 3,620,000 marks per annum. Signor Nitti can well talk of the Decadence of Europe, for he has found instance after instance of a cynical greed in the midst of an alien population's suffering and deprivation which can only be explained, as he does, as a sign of the rottenness of Europe today. The Allies send their soldiers into Germany with the solemn duty of insuring payment toward the rebuilding of homes the German army once destroyed. In practice, this means that an English lieutenant colonel was allowed to spend on his quarters, when the mark was fairly high, 464,116 marks. Jean Dubois, whose small house somewhere north of Rheims is still waiting for a decent roof, is vainly trying to find out why no money for the repairs has been collected from Germany by his government. As Signor Nitti pertinently adds: "The moral decline of Europe is so great that nothing excites indignation any longer."

War By Due Process of Law

AMERICAN public opinion will not, we trust, console itself by underestimating the seriousness of the recent happenings in Europe. The invasion by France of the Ruhr Basin is a new outbreak of war. The fact that a supposed Treaty of Peace affords a legal pretext for the invasion does not alter or atone for its essentially belligerent nature. Neither does the defencelessness of the German nation and its inability to put up armed resistance to the invader. War comes into existence when a government uses military force to induce the people of another country to do its bidding against their own will. The exertion of the force under these circumstances is not any the less war because it is not accompanied by bloodshed and is whitewashed by an appearance of legality. The Germans would resist if they could. So would any people with a spark of independence and self-respect. Their inability to protect their homes and possessions against the invader will only intensify by repression their pugnacity and their sense of outrage.

Now that the different parts of Europe are again at war, thoughtful Americans may well ask themselves what the new war means, whither it is tending and what, if anything, they can do to diminish the damage. It is important for them to get their diagnosis correct. The new war, like the old, will almost certainly involve sacrifices and responsibilities on their part before it is over; and they cannot interfere astutely and helpfully unless they understand how it has come about. Neither will it be easy to reach such an understanding. For they will be disconcerted at the beginning by one puzzling fact. This new war differs from former

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wars in that it is legal. Why is it that the Great War which, it was hoped, would end war, has made war not only chronic but regular? War in the sense of the exercise of force to compel the people of one nation to do the bidding of another nation at the expense of their self-possession and welfare is now a part of the juridical structure and public administration of Europe.

There can, of course, be only one source of this new legal status of war. It must be the Treaty of Peace. And what is now happening in Europe will at least have one advantage. It will throw light on a controversy about the real nature of that document which has hitherto raised an insuperable barrier across the path of European appeasement. Ever since the Treaty was proposed two sharply contrasted theories about its nature and probable results have contended for the possession of disinterested public opinion. The more popular theory held that while it was not all that it might be, it provided an essentially just and workable basis for European reconstruction. It might be desirable, perhaps even necessary, to modify it in certain respects, but the way to modify it was to make the best of it, to ratify it, to cooperate with its signatories in carrying it out and then, wherever necessary, to propose modifications from the inside. The Treaty by bringing into existence a League of Nations and so providing the form for future international cooperation had created a sufficient antidote to its own faults and prepared it to bring peace and order to Europe and to the world.

According to the other and less popular theory the Treaty, notwithstanding the boon which it brought to Europe in legalizing the destruction of the old military empires and in substituting for them national democratic states, was an essentially unjust and unworkable instrument. Its injustice consisted chiefly in imposing on Germany in defiance of the terms of the armistice an extortionate indemnity which she was quite incapable of paying. Its unworkability consisted in enforcing impossible economic demands by vindictive military sanctions. It required a defenceless Germany to agree in advance to the infliction of any penalties which in the event of a default in the payment of a ruinous indemnity the victors cared to impose upon her. Provisions of this kind violated the essential principle of international law as it has existed since the end of the seventeenth century. It denied both sovereignty and independence to Germany until her people had performed an impossible task. It amounted to the authorization by law of the use of violence in the service of injustice. There was only one way to deal with such a document. The world must get rid of it.

Doubtless these conflicting interpretations of the Treaty raise an issue which will never be settled. No matter what disasters overtake Europe and America as the result of the carrying out of the document, its advocates and friends can always allege that, if the United States had only ratified, wrong would have been right and all would have been well; and in support of this claim they can emphasize the serious difficulties which the withdrawal of the United States created in adjusting reparations to the whole problem of international war indebtedness. These difficulties undoubtedly exist, but they are not sufficient to justify the friends of the Treaty in practically attributing, as they do, the responsibility for the existing calamities of Europe to the withdrawal of the United States rather than to the pernicious vitality through the provisions of the Treaty of a vindictive spirit on the part of the victors. Since August, 1914, French politicians have never wavered in their determination to protect France against another invasion by treating the German nation as a permanent outcast. They proposed to deny thereafter to Germany that independence and security in the society of nations which have hitherto been considered an inseparable attribute of sovereignty. The Treaty gave to France the legal right to put this determination into effect.

From the day President Wilson sailed for Europe, it was clear that if the French were allowed to do what they pleased with Germany, they would inflict permanent bondage upon her and reconstruct Europe as a post-war penitentiary. To compromise or cooperate with this plan was to make it look respectable and possible. The only way for people, who cherished the American war aims and believed in human liberty, to deal with the French plan was uncompromisingly to oppose it. If France persisted, they should have withdrawn and allowed her to assume exclusive responsibility for the consequences of her policy. But they preferred to shirk the issue. Partly to avoid immediate danger and trouble but largely because they themselves really believed in treating Germany like a criminal, they framed and ratified a document which embodied the French attitude. They authorized France to use her righteous demand for reparations as a legal instrument with which to deprive Germany of political security and independence, and in this way they contaminated what should have been an economic and legal question with an acute and dangerous political infection.

Once the Treaty was signed France had no cause to be reasonable about reparations. She was authorized to demand from Germany more than Germany could possibly pay, and at her own convenience she could take advantage of an inevitable default to wage war legally against Germany. Ever since the ratification of the Treaty the dominant concern of all sensible and moderate statesmen in Europe has not been to devise workable plans for European reconstruction but to invent expedients to buy off French threats and to delay the day when she would act upon her license. Having first granted to France the right to destroy Germany and Europe under the form of law, they

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then tried frantically to persuade her to exercise moderation. They failed, and it is time now to recognize the obvious fact. The present rulers of France have proved that they would rather impoverish Europe and compromise the welfare of all its peoples than relax by a quiver of a finger their grip on the throat of Germany.

There is only one sufficient retort to this policy and that is to place upon France the sole responsibility for its consequences. There is only one way of placing upon France the sole responsibility for the consequences of her present behavior, and that is for Great Britain and the United States to remain aloof not only until France renounces her occupation of the Ruhr Basin but agrees to give up her military sanctions and to rewrite the Treaty. Now that France has invoked the military sanctions and actually committed acts of war against Germany, she has offered the pacific and humane nations which have been associated with her a new chance to stand from under. It remains to be seen whether they will take advantage of it.

They will not have an easy task in maintaining an attitude of non-cooperation. The French government fully realizes how dangerously exposed its existing position is. For the next few months Poincaré and Co. will work overtime in order to strengthen the occupation of the Ruhr with additional legal redoubts and foreign garrisons. They are now about to prove their magnanimity by opening negotiations with Germany and Great Britain for a partial moratorium and other measures of relief, provided the other governments recognize the continued military occupation of the Ruhr Basin by the French army. M. Poincaré is presenting Europe with a fait accompli in the shape of legalized invasion and then asking for a new confirmation of the French policy in depriving the German people of any security in the possession of their own territory, property and homes. On this occasion, however, the former accomplices of France will, we hope, be more circumspect. The German government will certainly refuse. At present it appears to have mustered enough courage to oppose persistent moral resistance to the French violence. In this country there is a large element in public opinion which will wish to ratify the occupation of the Ruhr in the name of ending American isolation and cooperating with Europe, but the administration has shown some spunk in dealing with the French and, as we hope and believe, it will not fall in with the French design. As to Great Britain there is, in spite of the benevolent neutrality of Bonar Law, a good chance of a steady increase in the British opposition to the French behavior and a clearer understanding that the most efficient way to get rid of such explosions of violence is to get rid of their legal sanction.

As we see it, consequently, the following is a fair summary of the salient aspects of the existing crisis. The politicians who rule France are using the unpaid and unpayable bill for reparations as an excuse for the practical subjugation and the economic ruin of Germany. They have the legal power to accomplish their purposes under the Treaty. They will not abandon either their legal franchise or their ruinous design except under compulsion. There is just one effective form of compulsion which the allies and associates of France in the war can employ. They can stand aside and let the French policy run its ruinous course and produce its disastrous consequences in the hope that the French themselves, horrified at the privations and sufferings for which they are responsible, and alarmed at the evidence of general hostility which they will provoke, will shrink back and change their minds. It is a costly method of instruction, but it is less costly than the alternative methods of buying a little immediate leniency from France by an official recognition of her new status of Policeman of Europe or opposing force by force. If Great Britain, the United States and Germany adhere to the plan it implies the radical revision of the Treaty. It implies a moral cooperation between these three countries, which would ultimately eventuate in a new Treaty based upon guarantees for all nations, including Germany, of the right to be consulted about their own welfare and destiny and the opportunity to live secure and self-respecting lives.

The Rape of the Ruhr

ECONOMIC gain, we may safely assume, is the immediate object of the French invasion of the Ruhr. France must get money out of Germany, if she can. And the Ruhr valley is tremendously rich, potentially. In this small district is concentrated much the greater part of the coal production still left to Germany. Before the war the Ruhr had a production of a hundred million tons, including most of the good metallurgical coal produced on the Continent. In the Ruhr and Rhine Province are concentrated almost all the heavy iron industries and the major part of the finer metallurgical manufacturers. The wealth and industrial power of Germany before the war rested squarely on this foundation. Should it not be practicable, then, for the French, by possessing themselves of this lever, to press out of Germany whatever surplus production might emerge anywhere? No doubt most Frenchmen believe that it is.

But it is easy to oversimplify, in such matters. Coal mines in themselves are only potential wealth. Whether they can become anything more than that depends on two things, the cost of exploitation and the presence of a market that will take the product at a good price. China has vastly richer coal fields than either Germany or England, but no country

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could make itself rich by seizing the Chinese coal fields. The market is lacking, and the cost of exploitation is relatively high, in spite of starvation wages. The French have the Ruhr coal mines. What will they do with the coal? They can not simply take it for their own use. Their share of the twenty million tons of indemnity coal is all they can use without destroying their own coal industry. They can export some coal, to Scandinavia, Holland and the Mediterranean countries. But here they have to compete with British coal, which can be carried from the mine to the ships more cheaply than can the Ruhr coal. If the French are counting on large profits from coal exports, they have a sad disappointment awaiting them.

The main market for the Ruhr coal is and must remain Germany. Only the German industrial and domestic demand can give the coal value enough to make it worth mining. The metallurgical industries of the Ruhr and Rhine valleys have hitherto represented the most important part of this demand. But these industries depend, in turn, on the presence of rich markets. Pig iron and steel billets will always sell, at some price, in the world market. But whether the price shall be sufficient to cover cost of production depends on the state of the industries that work these products up into final shape. The market for rails and structural shapes, for castings, wire and all the miscellaneous finer iron wares, is the final arbiter of the fate of the blast furnaces and steel plants. And this market is a very sensitive thing. Even a slight depression checks railway construction and the erection of buildings of the kind that take structural steel liberally. The market for machinery, hardware, etc., depends on general prosperity, and even in prosperous times requires energetic salesmanship.

Before the war the iron manufactures of the Ruhr found their chief market in the rest of Germany. They were exported in large volumes, in competition with the manufactures of England, the United States and Belgium. The actual profits on these exports were modest, but by extremely clever salesmanship and by the grant of long credits the Germans hoped to monopolize one market after another and thus ultimately to raise profits to a higher level. Contrast the present situation. The internal German market is reduced to the point where it has virtually nothing it can pay for the manufactures of the Ruhr except paper marks. The international market is suffering under a hideous depression. Even the most expert salesmanship could hardly place orders at a profit in such conditions. And it is more than doubtful that the Germans would display great energy in salesmanship in placing orders for the benefit of the French.

Still, if goods can be produced cheaply enough, they will yield a profit even in a weak market. And will not the French be able to get German labor at very low wages? No doubt, but low wages do not necessarily mean cheap labor. The factor of efficiency is all important, especially in such highly developed industries as those of the Ruhr and the Rhine Province. And efficiency is not to be extracted from the laborer and manager without their consent. Low wages, long hours and military compulsion are not the road to securing this consent.

The French say that they mean every year to extract two hundred and fifty million dollars in gold from the Ruhr. They are dreaming, if they really expect any such sum as that. If matters go smoothly they may cover the costs of occupation and get a few tens of millions of dollars besides. If matters go badly, if they encounter strikes and sabotage, the French will not even cover the costs of occupation. The average French citizen may not know this, but the government must know it. There are plenty of men in Poincaré's group who understand industry and finance well. And it is simply not a reasonable hypothesis that Poincaré is mad, or, what amounts to the same thing, so set in his opinions that they are immune to every assault on the part of the facts.

How then can we account for the adoption by the French of a policy that will win them no immediate profit and will cost them the good opinion of the whole world? The simplest explanation is that the government is driven by considerations of political expediency. Poincaré came into office on a program of extorting payment from Germany, by armed force if peaceable means did not answer. Sooner or later he was bound to translate his promises into performance, if he wished to retain his political credit. If that is the true explanation, we need not suppose that Poincaré is especially happy over the economic side of the project. It will be a net liability, requiring offsetting gains on the side of politics.

There is, however, another direction in which the pursuit of economic gain might conceivably operate. Let us recall that before 1914 there were two great forces in Europe making for war. One of them was the conventional military imperialism, which sought to extend the national boundaries, especially in the directions where resistance was weakest. The other was the new economic imperialism, which sought to grasp and put under control the chief keys to economic and commercial power. In Germany the military imperialists looked to the East as the main field of conquest. Immense areas could be detached from Russia without great difficulty. The economic imperialists looked to the West, where the acquisition of the ore fields of French Lorraine and the control of industrial Belgium would have given Germany almost complete industrial control of the continent.

Now, if the logic of German economic imperialism demanded the addition of the ores of French Lorraine to those of Alsace-Lorraine, the logic of French economic imperialism demands even

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more insistently the addition of the Ruhr coal mines to the ores of Lorraine. That can not be done through the simple process of annexation. But suppose that France is put face to face with Germany, with no interference from England, no claim on England's part for a share in the benefits of German recovery. Is it not possible that a Loucheur-Stinnes combination might be effected that would launch a continental economic system under French hegemony, thus realizing the old dream of Napoleon?

It is quite possible that the Treaty of Versailles will go by the board before the Ruhr enterprise is wound up. A new arrangement would then have to be made to take its place. And in that arrangement Germany would of course have to pay a good round ransom. Would England share in it? Not if France could help it.

If this should turn out to be the real economic objective of French policy, the invasion of the Ruhr would appear to be aimed, not at Germany, but at England. Its object would be not to work the final ruin of German industry, but to foreclose the British claim on it, in order that the way might be prepared for a combination of Loucheur and Stinnes, French finance and German technology, aiming at the industrial control of Europe. Everybody knows that negotiations between Stinnes and Loucheur have been going on for the last three or four years. To what end? It may well be doubted that Poincaré is capable of looking so far ahead as this assumes. But he is after all the mouthpiece of a group, and a group of Frenchmen is unlikely to be altogether devoid of imagination.

Wilt Thou Play With Leviathan?

"WILT thou play with Leviathan?" That question kept running through our mind the other day as we contemplated the vision of New York a hundred years hence which Dr. John A. Harriss disclosed to us through the newspapers. When we looked into Dr. Harriss's plans and began to weigh up what they would mean in plain human terms we felt like answering: No, we can't play with Leviathan, and what is more, we don't want to: we could probably have more fun in playing with a little sardine like Gopher Prairie; and perhaps during the next century we will have the wisdom to pay more attention to the sardines, and let Leviathan go hang.

Dr. John A. Harriss thinks of New York City, not exactly as a place in which people must live, but as a place in which traffic moves; and so the great reconstructions that he proposes for the metropolis—reconstructions that call for a cool $70,000,000 to start the ball rolling—are of a nature which will permit automobiles and trucks to move about in ever-thickening swarms without being hindered or oppressed by the buildings and people that line their routes. The automobiles and trucks are to have four spacious boulevards, cutting across Manhattan Island and leading into marginal ways; and meanwhile, for this is an essential part of the picture, the population is to go on increasing to such an extent that a hundred years hence 25,000,000 people will clutter together on Manhattan Island and in its precincts; and meanwhile, although Dr. Harriss is blandly silent upon this little point, the rents are to go on kiting upward and all the values which are being created by the poor wretches who live in Leviathan's belly, will be appropriated by the handful of landlords who have titles to metropolitan real estate.

This robust and innocent prophet of New York's "greatness" seems to look upon the increase of traffic and population as a natural, inevitable process; indeed, he has indulged an ancient American habit and has plotted the future growth of the city with such confidence in its automatic aggregation that he believes nothing short of an "unforeseen catastrophe" will alter it. We suppose that by an unforeseen catastrophe Dr. Harriss means a revolution, like that which depopulated Petersburg, a war, like that which anciently depopulated Jerusalem, or an earthquake, such as for a moment or two robbed San Francisco of many inhabitants. We venture to suggest another unforeseen catastrophe that Dr. Harriss has apparently not reckoned with; for we have a notion that a little honest observation, a little straightforward thought, and a little applied intelligence would do as much to prevent New York from drawing any more inhabitants into its maw as a war, an earthquake, or a revolution.

Let us first see what observation would show. Observation would point out that the need for concentrating people into limited areas in order to facilitate communication, industrial production, and civil intercourse was the product of an age which antedated the automobile and the electric train. We should find by looking around us that a large variety of industries can be operated at a considerable distance from their sales agencies; so that, in fact, there has been a slow but steady movement out of the metropolis by the printing trades, the needle trades, and allied industries. Plainly, it needs only a more concerted effort on the part of the workers and industrial managers, to insure that decentralization is not used as a weapon for reducing wages, to make this movement increase in speed and volume. In short, modern technical facilities, in many typical metropolitan industries, give the great city no advantage over the small one.

Looking at the growth of the metropolis itself we find, as Mr. Raymond Unwin points out in

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Town Theory and Practice, that beyond a certain number of people, an addition in transit facilities or in water supply triples or quadruples the cost per unit; thus the increase in population beyond a figure reckoned in mere hundred-thousands is not only unnecessary from the standpoint of industry, but thoroughly wasteful and inefficient as a matter of civic economy. Observation shows us then that in terms of modern engineering Dr. Harriss's vision of a monster metropolis is an obsolescent one; over against it we may offer the picture set by members of the London Society in a volume called London of the Future, in which "London" is reduced to a fairly small and concentrated administrative area, surrounded by a whole planetary system of small, self-contained, independent satellite cities or villages, separated from each other by wide belts of agricultural land.

Furthermore, observation shows that in human terms Dr. Harriss's majestic plan of an Elysium for vehicles is almost indescribably vile. As the population of the city increases a greater number of people are not merely thrown into outlying dormitory areas—this in all conscience would be bad enough—but in addition every day our traffic arteries pump a greater volume of Massemenschen into the congested central district. We have been hallucinated by the notion that the remedy for this congestion is more transit lines; and a host of engineers and contractors and city officials are now busily planning more transit lines, having blithely forgotten that the ones just built were planned to "relieve congestion"; whereas our need is not for more transit lines but for fresh centres of commerce and industry; so that there will be twenty focal areas instead of one. All this may sound a little abstract and technical; translating it into everyday life it is enough to say that the growth of the metropolis under present day conditions means that every working inhabitant of the city, from the schoolboy to the business executive, is compelled to fritter away from one to four hours per day in the debauching vacuity of "rapid transit."

The economic waste of this daily shuttling between office and dormitory is an enormous one, even if reckoned only in thermal units of coal; but the human waste is so vastly more important that we hesitate to make an approximation of its economic futility in terms of dollars and cents. Modern people are aghast at the notion of St. Simon Stylites standing on a pillar for hours in manifestation of his religious devotion and ecstasy; but there are thousands of bookkeepers and office girls and factory hands who every day perform much more rigorous sacrifices without causing us to bat an eyelid or to inquire into the exact nature of the superstition which demands such a peculiar and devastating form of devotion. We wonder exactly what can be the nature of a mind that, in view of these conditions, can devote itself to plans which will draw forth this daily sacrifice not from five million but from five times that number of human beings. Perhaps it is a very simple mind; perhaps it is as empty of imagination or active intelligence as the mind of a primitive Robot.

Even if the growth of New York were a process of nature, like the growth of trees, we should be tempted to quarrel with Dr. Harriss's conception of the city; for when human agents are present, even the trees in a forest are thinned, in order to give them the opportunity to grow more fully and enjoy a more healthy life. As a matter of fact, however, New York's growth, like the development of any other human institution, is the outcome of a multitude of interests and ideas and plans which have been directed to a single end. The original plan of the city, laid down in 1811, ruthlessly overrode its minor villages in order to further the extension of the city, in the interests of the owners of real estate; and again and again our merchants and bankers and "realtors" have fought bitterly to divert railway and steamship traffic, and immigration, into New York rather than permit Baltimore, Boston, or Philadelphia to have the share of it which their excellent situations demanded. In short, the promotion of congestion has been regarded on all hands as a laudable civic enterprise, as a noble effort to achieve "greatness." So far from representing the inevitable economic order of things, Dr. Harriss's predictions only embody the interests and the plans that have so far directed the growth of the metropolis: they are as human, as fallible, and as subject to change as the people who believe in them. We are beginning, perhaps, to see the wisdom of other plans, other interests, other civic values; and if these plans knit together and effectively enter the field Dr. Harriss's "inevitable growth of New York City" will meet its unforeseen catastrophe.

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A Sick World

IT is significant that the callings dignified by the title of professions have to do with the troubles and evils of mankind. Priests cure souls, saving from sin, or at least from its consequences; lawyers heal disputes and physicians bodily ills. Aside from sport, amusements and recreation it is diseases that men are most aware of and that they are willing to pay for having "cured." And games and shows owe today a considerable portion of their attraction to the fact that they give a temporary relief from consciousness of troubles. Journalism is said to be becoming a profession, but here accident, murder, war and conflict form a large part of "news," certainly the sensational or striking part. The pathology of social life appears to be its exciting and interesting part. Medicine is indeed becoming preventive, but the very word shows that trouble is still uppermost in thought. Avoidance of evil rather than pursuance of a normal life may not be what men most prize, but it is what they are most aware of. The profession of law is becoming more an advisory adjunct to the conduct of business and less a matter of lawsuits. But the most hopeful would hardly contend that this fact means that law is becoming a mode of constructive social direction, or other than a counsel as to how business corporations can do what they want or need to do without involving themselves in trouble.

The world has always been more or less a sick world. The isles of harmony and health with which we dot the map of human history are largely constructions of the imagination, cities of refuge against present ills, resorts for solace in troubles now endured. But it may be doubted if the consciousness of sickness was ever so widespread as it is today. Our optimism of the cheery word, of sunshine and prosperity is a little too assertive; the lady protests too much. Our recourse to enjoyment is a little too fevered and noisy. They both testify to the pervasive and overhanging consciousness of disease. In earlier periods of history such epochs have been attended with an outburst of religion. Today this way out is not taken. Science, technology and business have left their impress. Upon the whole the world will be satisfied only with something which is more businesslike than past religions, something with more show of technique and the outward semblance of up-to-date science.

In short, we have such phenomena as Coué̇ism, an appeal and a method as old as the cave-man but dressed up in the latest fashions of the day. The method has always "cured" some; it will cure a considerable number today. In fact, an expert could go into any audience and pick out, with a small margin of error, just those who are susceptible. The hypnotic device of setting up inability to unclench joined fingers impresses an audience with the fact that there is marvellously "something in it"; it also enables the operator to select just those persons upon whom to work his "cures." Putting the word cures in quotation marks will seem to devotees to imply a particularly mean, because insinuating, method of disparagement; a way of admitting in words that some persons are helped while denying it as a fact, and thus escaping responsibility for taking any definite stand. But it is not intended by the device of quotation marks to question the fact that auto-suggestion cures exactly as drugs cure. The object is to suggest the need of examining the whole idea of cure in its relation to the troubles of a sick world.

A cured body or mind is in no sense the same thing as a healthy, vitally growing mind or body, any more than winning a law suit is the same thing as cooperative social relationships, or payment of reparations the expression and guarantee of harmonious international relationships. Cure is a negative idea; health a positive one. The interest in cures and salvations is evidence of how sick the world is; it is also evidence of its unwillingness to deal with the causes of its sickness; its preoccupation with symptoms and effects. A cure may reduce, suppress or transfer an effect; it does not touch the cause. Or if it does, it is something more than a cure. It is re-education; it is restoration of an organism which manifests symptoms of health because it is rightly constructed.

Does any one suppose that suggestion, whether externally induced or self-induced, although it may remove symptoms and the consciousness of disorder and suffering, actually makes over those conditions in the body which have caused the trouble? If it did, the methods would apply as surely to "organic" diseases as to those ills where cures are effected. A society or an individual which is living positively and constructively will be growing; it will be getting "better and better" every day. The fact would make it quite unnecessary to subject oneself to a suggestion. The whole technique, the very idea, of cure indicates that fundamentally evil, trouble, still exists; it proves that negative ideas and practices instead of constructive ones still dominate our consciousness. A truly healthy life would indeed "prevent" many troubles but it would occur to no one that its value lay in what it prevented. Such a life would be simple and spontaneous joy, vigor and achievement. Being better signifies something radically different to having less of a trouble.

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Any critical appraisal of such methods as those of Couéism seems to imply lack of sympathy for those who are relieved. Any relief, it would seem, is at least so much net gain. But all cheap, short cuts which avoid recognition of basic causes have to be paid for at a great cost. The greatest cost is that palliative and remedial measures put off the day in which fundamental causal factors are faced and constructive action undertaken. They perpetuate the domination of life by reverie, magic, superficiality and evasion; they perpetuate, that is, the sickness of the world. As long as the mind is set upon curing we shall need to be cured. Only education and re-education into normal conditions of growth accomplishes anything positive and enduring. And taking this road means that the specific, definite and complicated conditions of normal health and growth are studied and discovered, and positive endeavor taken in accord with them. No thoughtful person can admit that giving and taking dopes, whether they be physical or mental, in any way forwards the needed knowledge and action. Dependence on cures retards, hampers and confuses. Partial and superficial science, physiological or psychological, carried into immediate execution, is the greatest enemy of genuine and effective science. It substitutes error for ignorance, false conceit for the possibility of learning. Suggestions to the subconscious have the advantage of neither the animal nor the human method of control. They are a hopeless mixture.

Another item of incalculable cost is found in the attendant self-hypnosis of the public at large. Mr. Coué, his methods, cures and personality have filled the columns of the newspapers for weeks. His journey across the ocean was recorded day by day by radio and in newspaper headlines. Mr. Phillips in his column of humor in the Globe hit the nail on the head, as he so often does, when he said that, while the method had been practised from times immemorial, older practitioners suffered from the lack of effective press-agency. There is literally no difference between the methods by which Couéism has been exploited and the methods of propaganda used in the war. Both involve a surrender of conscious and intelligent direction of life to the effects of reiteration and appeal to the senses and emotions, an appeal which obscures and corrupts the most precious thing in man—his intelligence. Admitting the utmost claims that can be made for the merits of Couéism, it is not the merits nor their recognition which attract the public; purely factitious considerations which involve surrender of mind are the influential factors. When one compares the benefits of the relief that some sufferers will obtain at Coué's hands and voice, with the harm done by increased dependence upon blind clamor and undiscriminating rumor, by habits of increased unintelligent response to stimuli that owe their force simply to their sensory and emotional accumulation, when one thinks of the growth of credulity and the abandonment of judgment, the balance on the side of benefits is not impressive.

By chance it happened that the same boat which brought Coué brought another person who teaches and practices organic education and re-education, conscious control, the positive rectification of our sensory appreciations and the judgments and acts that depend upon a correct organic consciousness. There is no doubt about the existence and operation of the subconscious. But the quality, nature and operation of the subconscious depend upon definite conditions. Its workings can be helpful rather than detrimental only when it is itself right. Making it right depends upon its bodily conditions being right—a state which cannot be achieved without a conscious control of them obtained only by positive labor, physiological, intellectual and moral.

The coming of Mr. Matthias Alexander went unheralded. The contrast between the reception of the two men affords a fair measure for our preference of a seemingly cheap and easy way of dealing with symptoms, our wish to be cured rather than to be well. We are now told, every day, following Mr. Wells, that the race is on between catastrophe and education. Half-science, publicity which is propaganda, reliance upon a sub-consciousness which is already corrupted, work against the adoption of the method of education, against, indeed, any serious search for its conditions and methods. And if the antithesis between education and catastrophe is just, this means that they are working on the side of catastrophe.

JOHN DEWEY.

They Will Come

They will come, at last they will come, who have not gone by:
The many that time and life have not yet defined.
Even now the sound of their tread is a cry
Moving along my mind.

They will come and like mist be blown down a shadowy street,
Even as others have come and were mistily blown.
They will move to music of unisoned feet,
Yet each, like others, alone.

Their eyes will be sharpened as eyes of the others were not;
They will see in the sun, hear more in the wind than sound;
They will feel in the cold crusts of earth the hot
Desires of the ground.

All that others have known of longing and pain
Will be immeasurably theirs; they must reckon and face
Rapture unknown, then pass like the rain
Drifting on into space.

HAZEL HALL.

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Humanism and the Industrial Age

III.

THE living pattern of this New Humanism, the Humanism of the industrial age, cannot yet be fully prefigured. Only some of its qualities can be signalized and the attitude toward man and the world in which its freedom and fellowship cohere. Could people but turn their sentiments more swiftly and knowingly from what industry defeats to what industry creates; could they, without distorting, accept its promptings toward associative form and personal integrity; could they, in short, substitute intelligent self-direction for passional response, the humanization of industry would be more like a free adjustment and a happy growth than a foolish struggle and a deformed urge toward the boundless air and the sun. But because our bodies change so much more slowly than our minds, our ways of thinking, our habits, our skills outlive the objects of thought that called them forth and fulfilled them, and when new objects come, making for us a new mind, these old ways remain, irrelevant yet controlling. Against their inertia and established rule the new objects make but slow headway, as inevitably they evoke new skills, habits and ways of thought appropriate to themselves. These latter appear sporadically in the body politic, divided in time and place, unintegrated as yet into a single way of living which is a culture and whose refinement and perfection is Humanism. It is these strange sporadic novelties that can be observed and signalized, and from them be gathered some hint or prophecy of the good to come. For it is a good that comes, Rebellious Youth to the contrary notwithstanding. Whatever comes, that comes in self-fulfillment, with its future a realization and not a distortion of its past, is a good. It has been loyal to its own nature and actualized its proper ideal. Often it is accompanied by contingencies and excrescences that make a braver show and a greater noise, but they are irrelevant or inimical—pure negations, as in times of readjustment, like the times current, so many things are. Meanwhile the good thing grows and all that promises it, whatever by just existing prophesies it, makes light and leading. And these are what must be discerned.

Fortunately, their gleam is not too beclouded. The industrial economy which generates them itself requires a favorable ground and environment, which it cannot have originated and without which it cannot continue. This ground and environment is an inexorable presumption also for the New Humanism itself. The usual name for it is Science. As milieu and atmosphere of the industrial community it is, however, something more subtle, more pervasive and alterative than the interests and achievements of its special disciplines in schools and laboratories. It is a posture of the mind, a pattern of organic behavior, at once fluid and tensile, insinuating itself into all the enterprises of man, offsetting earlier and deeper and more passionate attitudes by the comminuted range and intimacy of its penetrations, so that it dissolves the innermost rigidities of every conception it touches, and every faith. Originating in the Renaissance flood of human energies as one of the innumerable manners of adventure whereof the Renaissance was so largely constituted, it survived as a habit and skill of the mind and developed for itself a technology of hypothesis, experiment, measurement and verification which has become a dominant institution of civilized society, with constantly more adequate tools and constantly richer and more varied materials of operation. Its biologic mode is curiosity; its drive, whatever impulse sets it free to satisfy its own hungers. Thus, both war and peace have enlarged it and been tributary to it, for the scientist at work has to be enfranchised from the very preoccupations that set him his problem that he may the more fully absorb himself in the matter of the problem alone. This is why the utilities of modern culture arise out of science and return into it; it is the place of confluence and coincidence of all instruments and ends. And because Science is this, it dissolves also the perspectives of value which are the be-all and end-all of field and factory, church, legislature and school. What enters its domain enters an ultimate, a metaphysical democracy. All items of experience, regardless of their status in the other institutions of society, receive in that domain equal recognition of their integrity, equal regard.

And this holds true whether of the sciences of things or of the sciences of man. The psychologic disciplines also, as they pass from speculation to observation, from appreciation to measurement, from mythology to positive knowledge, diminish in favoritism and superstition and lay profane hands upon all the sacred cows of our schismatic civilization, even patriotism and capital, even the proletarian and labor. Science thus, rather than death, is the great leveller, for it levels without destroying, it levels and liberates. Its revelations of fact dissolve and wash away the prerogatives of classes, the presumptions of special cultures, all the false perspectives of the arts of man. Each man, any man, each society, any society, each episode of human experience, becomes a thing of inviolable integrity, a centre of values and a proper theme for the artist and philosopher.

Inevitably, in view of its structure and process, the machine of industry gives concentration and

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point to the temper of Science. The machine simultaneously divides and unites men, for it separates a single act of production into many mechanical steps, each step with a worker to mind it, and all the workers dependent on each other in the degree in which the labor of the single act of production is divided. So the machine makes directly for diversity and cooperation, which become humane as they become conscious and organic in the workers. So also, it invites equality, for in a process of production where every step is an ineluctable essential to the completion of the act, no claim can long be successfully maintained for the greater importance of any one step, as the movement of trade-union practice from craft toward industrial organization attests. Indeed, the story of the workers' associations, the trade-unions and the cooperative societies and of the theories and philosophies which envision them, is direct witness of the pressure toward diversity, equality and cooperation in the domain of the industrial machine. They are further favored by the contraction of distance through the facilitation of transport which the tremendously elaborated tools of our machine age have effected, to the point that London is nearer to Calcutta or New York to Pekin, than was the one to Glasgow, the other to Washington a century ago. And this in its turn has reenforced industry in turning masses of men from a sedentary to a mobile habit of life, so that hardly any men of an industrial society live where they were born or work at what they were trained for. The circle is complete, thus; a vicious circle as those see it who go its dreary round or those see it who resent the going. Let them, however, fully attain the habit of its true bent, and it may become the Platonic circle of perfection. Within it, peoples, cultures, races, religions, become swift neighbors. Strangers cease to be strange; aliens become familiar without ceasing to be different. The misunderstandings of aliency wear down. Contact generates tolerance. Men learn to respect difference, to mitigate the instinctive demand for conformity. Peoples of diverse origin, habits and standards are more at home with one another. Industry and its derivatives have rendered them more interdependent, and the world-wide integration of societies which it has effected in the competition—it is true—for empire, nevertheless repudiates this competition and slowly compels the conduct of governments and the ideals of peoples to congruity with the basic facts of industrial life.

Is it a too hopeful reading of these signs to say that industry tends of its own momentum to generate its proper ethos, that it moves, painfully and with much labor, toward its own harmonious pattern of freedom and fellowship, its own humanism?

If it be, what reading is to be given to the spirit of the new generation, the new temper of the arts?

Ah, this new generation! Its quality is more articulate in its women than its men; the mutation from past types is in them more radical, and more stable. With the men the continuity with the past is strained but not broken; their transitions are easier because their freedom has been greater. But men and women, the new generation is here in mass, a theme for lamentation or gratulation in sermon and story, not yet quite undisturbed in itself, and altogether disturbing to even its wisest elders. Let us look at it for a moment as a sensitive and photographic writer sees it. I quote from Miss Edna Ferber's vivid black and white study of three mid-continental generations, The Girls.

> A slim, pliant, young thing this Charley, in her straight dark blue frock. She was so misleadingly pink and white and golden that you neglected to notice the fine brow, the chin squarish in spite of its soft curves, the rather deep set eyes. From her perch Charley's long brown-silk legs swung friendlily. You saw that her stockings were rolled neatly and expertly just below knees as bare and hardy as a Highlander's . . . A young woman who belonged to the modern school that despises sentiment and frowns upon weakly emotional display; to whom rebellion is a normal state; clear-eyed, remorseless, honest, fearless, terrifying; the first woman since Eve to tell the truth and face the consequences.

The men are not quite up to it, but not far behind.

> Charley commanded whole squads of devoted young men in assorted sizes, positions and conditions. Young men who liked country hikes, and wayside lunches; young men who preferred to dance at the Blackstone on Saturday afternoons; young men who took Charley to the symphony concerts; young men who read to her out of books. . . . A lean-flanked graceful crew they were, for the most part, with an almost feline coordination of muscle. When they shook hands with you their grip drove the rings into your fingers. They looked you in the eye—and blushed a little. Their profiles would have put a movie star to shame. Their waists were slim as a girl's (tennis and baseball). They drove low-slung cars around Hyde Park corners with death-defying expertness. Nerveless; not talkative yet well up on the small talk of the younger set—labor, socialism, sex, baseball, Freud, psychiatry, dancing. . . .

The point is there, in "the small talk of the younger set." There has been a stripping away of the masks, strategems and evasions interposed between the young and the exigencies and routine of existence. There has been a concentration on the attainment of self-knowledge and self-mastery through the psychological disciplines; not constrained, spontaneous rather, and inevitable. Its spirit is a sort of joyous realism. There are no illusions in it, except the illusions natural to youth. It aims at freedom, but its foundations are such that when it turns from rebellion to creation the freedom it attains will rest secure on the recognition of the causal bases of life and will crown the courageous attempt to evaluate and master them.

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Something of similar quality is apparent in the arts, particularly in poetry. Their themes are now drawn from any range and walk of life and any portion of the world. Their forms move outstandingly toward simplicity and flexibility. Their moods strive after sincerity and naturalism. But after a true naturalism, not the naturalism of Zola or the late Victorians. That was a metaphysics of matter applied to the portrayal of mankind. Its mood was despair and it celebrated the ugly as alone the significant. It had no heart for joy and no eye for beauty. This is an experiential naturalism. It acquiesces in the living propulsions of its themes. It seeks to understand them by their history and setting and to give them ideal fulfillment by working out the perfections wherein a reaction to life becomes an achievement of art. Both joy and beauty enter into it. Its best current exemplification that I know is Knut Hamsun's Growth of the Soil, but it is occasionally observable in the works of Robert Frost, of Carl Sandburg, of Vachel Lindsay and many others, even Amy Lowell and James Cabell. It is adequate in the vertical architecture which strangers distinguish at once as the new characteristic expression of our industrial community and which does perhaps more completely than any other art bring to fruition the potencies of its material in the actualities of its form.

To this new naturalism, which may turn out to be just the old classicism in an atmosphere of science and democracy, the common and familiar and the rare and strange are on the same level. It does not interpret, it envisages. The metaphysical democracy of science directs its imagination and guides its craftsmanship. Before its temper and spirit the ancestral quarrels of romanticists and classicists, of ancients and moderns, are dispelled as vapor before sunlight. History and the future, the near and the far, the passionate and the intellectual, the traditional and the novel, the ephemeral and the lasting, the hidden as well as the public, have equal holiday in its court, but particularly the hitherto unregarded common things, the routine and grubby detail of the daily life. Whatever has a ground in existence is capable of a glow of beauty without illusion, which this new spirit in art promises to elicit and set forth—even war, if Henri Barbusse's Under Fire has any import in this matter. You cannot anywhere touch the art of letters, which is the most representative of the arts and most significant of the trend of the race, without receiving from it a sure presentiment regarding the oneness of the mood and the diversity of the themes of the new age. . . .

So the perennial protean Humanism casts its beams before, sends forth its forerunners, its heralds and trumpeters as once again its protean spirit advances in new guise, with industry for body and science for soul. It promises, when it comes, to be much more socialized than the older Humanisms, its freedom and fellowship being spelled in terms of the community in the individual, not the individual in the community. Of religion, in its traditional sense, it gives no indication; it would seem to make no claims on life; rather it accepts and enjoys. Its spirit, consequently, will be catholic, tolerant, disillusioned and serene. It will be what Buddhism would have been, had it acquiesced in all desires and acknowledged the existential parity of each with each, rather than denied all. For civilized freedom is nearer to Nature as self-acquiescence than as self-abandonment. With self-acquiescence, the lines of the life of civilization and the courses of Nature are continuous, and wisdom, which is the art of living, becomes simply the coordination and ordering of desires with one another, and with the conditions of their existence and satisfaction. Such is the wisdom that the New Humanism presages. It is a wisdom which seems like to cherish neither regrets nor fears, whose hope will arise out of knowledge and faith out of understanding. It will be compact of the courage and contentment of disillusion, of the love and the joy of the beauty of common things. Largely and vaguely Walt Whitman had premonitions of such a wisdom; William James lived in its shadow. In the younger generation it is an occasional rare event, recurring slowly with less infrequency.

H. M. KALLEN.

Producer or Commodity Cooperation

IN every economic emergency of the past touching land and farm production we had in this country a "cooperative" movement. It served as a convenient, fine-sounding phrase, the symbol of a popular clamor for relief. Differing only in demands, according to the facts of the moment, these successive movements were ever the same in spirit—short on intellectual guidance and social creativeness, and very long on hankerings for big things and quick results.

A new "emergency" has hit the farmers of late; and, true to type, we have a new movement, also heralded as big and cooperative. There are points of difference, chief of which are the frank disavowal of social or economic reconstruction programs and a still franker disavowal of the farmer as a man. The new movement wants only and wholly the commodity which the farmer is producing, and not his individual participation in a collective enterprise. Cooperation is not a social club, it is said. Ours is a day of big business, large-scale marketing, economic ruthlessness, and so it behooves a farmers' marketing organization to aim for the control of the market and boost prices;

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it needs experts, salesmen and managers, but not the farming communities. This, in a nutshell, is the beginning and end of "commodity cooperative marketing." Now for some significant details.

The leaders of the new movement came together in Washington, December 14th to 16th, for a series of conferences and for the formation of a National Council of Farmers' Cooperative Marketing Associations. The assembled delegates were said to represent approximately 870,000 farmers in every part of the country, who had signed binding contracts to sell their products exclusively through the commodity associations. The recently organized tobacco and cotton growers were the dominant groups, while some of the oldest and most successful cooperative associations, like the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, were not represented at the convention. The visitor looking into the faces of the men present could have believed himself to be in a chamber of commerce or at a convention of salesmen. Here were small country merchants who "joined" the great movement, many of them quite happy in their ten, twenty, thirty thousand dollar positions as salesmen and managers; here a country editor, a lawyer, an insurance man, a publicity man, a gentleman farmer and even a benevolent millionaire. And in every part of the magnificent ballroom of the New Willard Hotel, where the convention met, there were the familiar phrases of our national cult of bigness and self-complacency, of smiling through and cheerio salesmanship economics.

"You are the spearpoint of the most important development in agriculture, and therefore in American life, that this generation is seeing," was the manner in which Aaron Sapiro, keynote orator and legal counsel, addressed himself to the delegates. That was, however, making sweets sweeter, for on every side it was generally accepted that "we" were the true agricultural leaders, every movement before us false and misdirected, and that with us agriculture was opening the most glorious page in its history. The delegates were men confident of their experience in merchandising stuff and conscious of their power to put this thing of commodity cooperation across. Where like minds meet, there is harmony. And there was not a single hitch in the proceedings—and no discussion of a complex agricultural problem, no searchings, no misgivings. There were no spokesmen here of rural needs and aspirations, no inquiry into the means and ends of cooperation seeking to turn individual weakness in an environment of world-wide capitalistic markets into effective collective power. There was no interest here in cooperation as a social movement for the correction of the evils suffered by our erstwhile self-contained farming communities under the process of specialization and the expansion of the markets: no interest in cooperation as a means for the education of our intelligence, for discussion and weighing of specific problems, in the ulterior interests of social adjustment to ever-changing economic facts. The assembled business delegates had no thought of the farmer and the larger aspects of his so-called modern agricultural problem, no faith in his organizing or directive intelligence, no desire to take him along as a man as well as get him to sign away his commodities on the dotted line.

The reason for this lack of social constructiveness was in the character of the convention. The delegates were men of the unscientific, uninquiring conventionalized type of mind—short-term guessers, with the mental span for bridging what's under the nose, but confessing to no limitations in vision. Their sympathies were indeed with the farmers who suffered in the precipitate decline in prices as no other class has suffered, and they were clutching the nearest weapon for "boosting" prices. At no time in the three days' meetings was any thought given to such factors in the complex situation as the collapse of the European demand for our farm products, or the breakdown of the normal balance between factory and farm production, or irrational tariff policies hindering trade, or inflated land values and land rents, or the social evils or speculative local and terminal marketing. The sole ambition of the new school of cooperators was for themselves to control the commodity as if that alone were sufficient to establish the right price.

This desperate expedient is not without an economic philosophy, and its expounder is Aaron Sapiro. Witness his keynote address: There was the thrust against highbrows—that scornful piece of slang which a popular leader would as soon leave out as the stars and stripes or the glorious destiny of our republic. The "so-called academic leaders" were scourged because they told the helpless farmer that there was no remedy for him "so long as supply and demand determine it [price]," and because they withheld from him the knowledge of the existence of two "movable factors" in supply and demand, namely, time and place, which the farmer could control by right joint action. Now Aaron Sapiro thrust the torch of knowledge into the willing hands of the rightful and true leaders whom he called to turn the farmer's mind, once "helpless on his economics," to the source of light —organized merchandising directed by experienced, knowing men. Merchandising means "the control of the movement of those farm crops so that they go into the markets of the world in such times and in such quantities that they will be absorbed at prices that are fair."

It is unnecessary to dispute the doctrine or its antecedents. It is sufficient to inform the waiting public that the truth is no longer in captivity, but moving as a pillar of fire by night before the oppressed multitudes. The academic monopolizers

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of knowledge are discredited. With economic truth liberated, the land of promise and prosperity is in sight. If the aim is clear, to quote Sapiro again, "then you must build the right kind of a machine to take you to that goal; that means you have got to develop the right type of technique to handle the cooperative marketing association." And it was Aaron Sapiro, the lawyer, hailed as inspirer and friend of cooperation, who worked out the "standard" contract form as the basis of the overhead centralized association for the control of the commodity and for its orderly marketing, "thus benefiting the entire social and financial structure," according to the handbook of information of the American Cotton Growers' Exchange. The handbook also informs us that "the result has been gratifying, not only to the author of the contract and plan, but to all students of progress and economics, and particularly to hundreds of thousands of farmers."

In lieu of more tangible data about results and achievements, which inquiry has so far failed to uncover, "while you wait," dear Reader, consider the marketing agreement; for example—as anyone will do—that of the Tobacco Growers' Cooperative Association. The tobacco grower agrees to sell and deliver to the Association for a period of five years, 1922 to 1926, "all of the tobacco produced by or for him or acquired by him as landlord or lessor," except the tobacco covered by existing contracts or crop mortgage. It is a binding pool agreement, which gives the association the right to resell all tobacco, at its discretion, to cure or manufacture, to borrow money in its name, etc. "We will get his tobacco anyway," the agreement makes it clear in large black type, in the event of a breach or threatened breach by the grower of any provision regarding delivery of tobacco; further specifying that those who break any part of the contract will be required to pay in penalties, and also all costs and expenses incurred by the Association if the case goes to the courts.

This is the New Cooperation. It repeats the static, mechanical, autocratic form of our modern capitalistic business organization. Perhaps it will bring the farmer better prices—and the farmer, by the way, needs better prices—if it has power not only to effect orderly marketing but to manipulate in his favor a number of other domestic and foreign economic factors, unfortunately complicated and ramifying in many directions; perhaps, too, the new leaders will see to it that the poor consumer gets an even deal here; perhaps too, the leaders will always be unselfish, large-minded, never moved by indifference to the general interests of society, and safeguard the associations against ambitious, willful men, against mismanagement and brutality of power; and perhaps, too, the farmers will become more intelligent as individuals and as groups in their collective judgments on matters of agriculture, as well as dependable suppliers of commodities, without a contract-breaker in their midst.

For all these fine and essential things we humbly pray—that they may happen; for there is nothing in the organic structure of these farmers' large-scale merchandizing associations to inspire the public with a faith in the present movement for meeting the tests of social relationship and for enhancing the farmer's power of mobile, intelligent adaptation to economic changes. The true and noble end of cooperation, as that ideal is working itself out in the experience of every nation, is to increase the economic initiative of communities of which the evolution of markets has stripped them, and to give back to the individual producer that sense of familiarity with world-wide forces and facts, in the midst of which he is moving, such as his father before him possessed in an environment of self-contained economy and local markets. This is economic statesmanship, and it needs must rest on democratic participation if it is to be cooperative in spirit and in fact.

It is easy to lull oneself in the belief that somehow, behind the protective barrage of mass marketing, the unknown producers will be slowly building up their self-governing communities, enlarging their freedom and powers for economic initiative, management and control; it is possible to see in the mind's eye a time when the overhead organization will be transformed into an association coordinating the will and intelligence of the locals. Perhaps. May these things come to be. But, surely, the overhead organizations as at present constituted are not concerned with the building up of a social organization capable of training and evolving cooperatively, by the exercise of economic functions in the neighborhoods, by discussion, testing and weighing, the workable judgments so essential for permanent success and mastery over the conditions of our well-being,—for healing, guiding and dignifying Agriculture.

E. M. K.

Fête

Under a crystal moon the peacock shawls
Revolve and circle. Lanterns of painted silk
Swing above a seller of perfumed dolls.

Girls, whose hair is dressed like sailing swans,
Bear baskets of yellow apples, jars of milk,
Which they exchange for tarnished coins of bronze;

While near at hand, singers with cherry-wreaths
Make music that is cool in throat and mouth,
An echo of the wind that scarcely breathes.

I saw one girl, suddenly growing bold,
Bite her apple and pass it to a youth
Who hid it, as though the yellow fruit were gold.

S. Foster Damon.

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Émile Coué

IT is much easier to see the President than to see Émile Coué.

M. Coué is going to be allowed to talk to the newspapermen in a big New York hotel. Downstairs you show your credentials; you show them again to the phone girl on the seventh floor, you show them again at the door of a room with a piano and many empty rows of flimsy hotel chairs. At the White House, if you are a newspaper man, you walk right in.

But then M. Coué is a greater man than the President. At any rate thoughts of him possess many more minds than thoughts of Harding. Or rather, thousands of people are frantically thinking and feeling about themselves to the tune, as it were, of Coué. If he isn't a great man, at any rate he is a great word. There is some kind of magic, of mystery here, or else the word would not be epidemic. There must be some kind of healing aura about the man, some saintly or medicinal current in this magnet which has drawn thousands to itself.

Here he comes. Moving in and out among so many tall, young, modern Americans, this round little figure with the face of a dehydrated fox seems extraordinarily small, old, and of the soil. He shakes hands patiently, with perfect courtesy, but without joy. One of the tall hearty Americans comes up to him. M. Coué, it appears, dined with him once in Nancy. M. Coué's manner warms through friendliness toward recognition, but does not quite get there. He is hunting for a name, but gives it up, with a sudden wizened gesture of one hand sketching the attempt to pull something forgotten from a wrinkled forehead: "Les noms ne me reviennent pas"—he states more than apologizes.

Now we are all sitting down, and M. Coué is about to explain his method. Some hopes are raised by the presence of the piano, but this turns out, unfortunately, to have been cast for no role. Before M. Coué begins we are given a brief and slightly solemn introduction, with lantern slides of M. Coué at home in Nancy. He lives in the nearer half of that large, ugly, comfortable stone house. There is a small crowd outside. Here is part of the same crowd, inside. A long room, furnished between 1860 and 1880, in those happy days when iron dog and iron deer first began to lie down together on American lawns. A hideous chandelier. Under it, M. Coué, very wise and solid and unself-conscious, flanked by what might be all his sisters and his cousins and his aunts—some of them rather wild-eyed—come to be cured. Another picture: M. Coué alone in his study, behind a heavy desk. Heavy curtains, pictures in heavy frames, all of them decorated with an unblushing profusion of scrolls and curves. An atmosphere homely, restful, unchangeable.

But here is the man himself. He is just as he was in those pictures, he has only been lifted out of them for a bit. He does not say anything about America. Except that his words are English, a clear English with a French accent, he might be talking to patients at Nancy, and he might, to judge from his steady, matter of fact tone, be talking about invoices instead of sudden and remarkable cures.

His fingers press the table. They are thick, strong, clumsy hands, hands that might belong to a mason, to a farmer. They are entirely normal. The little body in a black suit, the little black tie, the high collar—all are quite normal. There is no magic here, nor, in the absence of magic, any faintest attempt to counterfeit a magician's presence. M. Coué has absolutely no make-up, physical or mental. His beard is less of a beard and more a part of his appearance than any beard I have seen. You cannot imagine the face without it. You cannot imagine any chin behind the beard which would have an equal truth.

M. Coué doesn't tell us anything new. We have read all about his method of autosuggestion. The few simple maxims and explanations sound even simpler, more obvious, when they come from his stolid, friendly, normal figure. "Imagination is vastly more powerful than will." What could be simpler than that to understand, or, once understood, easier to act on? M. Coué develops the inevitable deductions from this premise, with no air of discovery, with no assumption of prophecy or magic. One looks in vain for that magnetism which other saints and healers of other times have possessed. M. Coué is not magnetic. He does not fix you with his eye. He makes no attempt to draw all the threads of attention in the room into his hands. He tells you several times that he is not a healer, that he helps people heal themselves only, and has no singular powers of his own. This is not hard to believe. If you didn't know who he was, had never heard of him, and happened to drop into that hotel room, you would find yourself listening to a very plain, genuine little Frenchman, with a face curiously impenetrable, pudgy, wrinkled in repose; a face all sharpened and pointed down to a ridiculously individual beard, a face that often lights up in an engaging way, seemingly suddenly to open and show, not depths and mysteries, but a simple human twinkle of friendliness and common sense. You would think of a number of

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solid, peaceful, shrewd French shop-keepers, deputés, retired majors you had seen, but never of a healer.

If everything else about him were to deny it, M. Coué's trousers would prove that he was not a healer. They are wide, and substantial, and durable, and creased with the innumerable wrinkles of common use. Every wrinkle shouts that there is no bunk about the owner of those trousers.

The more one listens to M. Coué, the more one likes him, and the more his theories and methods exchange mystery for simplicity. He believes people can help make themselves feel better by exorcising the defeatism in their own hearts. He makes no pretentions to cure organic troubles. But he has a naif faith in the cures which people tell him he has made. Any man with the faintest touch of charlatanism, any man who had the slightest reason to fear suspicion would not dare read the letters of testimonial which M. Coué takes from his pocket. He reads them with the warmth of feeling of a man who is justly proud of a good deed done partly with his help. Here is a letter from someone who was cured without ever having seen him, and of this letter M. Coué is perhaps prouder than he is of any of the others. Your opinion of his sincerity goes up tremendously at this, for he seems to have no idea how much he is laying himself open to the attacks of the doctors by accepting such letters as proof.

How lightly the weight of his prodigious fame rests upon him. You look in vain for the taint of solemnity. The solemnity is elsewhere. There is a hush over the room as we hear the awful words issuing from their source: "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better." Some of us feel as if we had just heard the voice of Moses issuing a commandment. We shall be telling our grandchildren that we heard "day by day . . ." from Coué himself. Yet as he says it himself, how unimpressive, how merely sensible it sounds. And still it fails to impress—it is not meant to—when M. Coué begins to intone it in a religious monotone as one must say it on his pillow before sleep. He is far too normal and sensible a person to seem mysterious to anyone who does not come to him with a cloak of mystery already prepared to throw over him. What a contrast is this geniality of his to the expression on the face of the lady to whom he is repeating that she "cannot, cannot, cannot" unclench her hands—a stare of pained, beatific intensity, as of some decidedly non-equestrian saint placed suddenly on horseback, an expression which collapses into almost tearful relief as soon as M. Coué allows her hands to separate.

O wizened and solid and twinkling and inscrutable and shrewd and winning face, you might belong to the most honest station master in all of France.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Salomé and the Cinema

NAZIMOVA'S Salomé has been offered to the public in the name of art. The press-book compiled to exploit the film is one of the most extraordinary sidelights on the infirmity of the human mind that I have ever seen. Amongst the Special Teaser Designs and the Catch Lines for Ads or Program Use I find this typical and preposterous statement: "Nazimova's Salomé stands out as a triumphant rebuke to those critics of the Screen who have said 'Art cannot come out of a camera.'" It is a common practice, in advertising a moving picture, to proclaim its aesthetic virtues, but in the present instance there seemed to be more than usual warrant for such an assertion: the text, according to the producers, was based on Oscar Wilde's tragedy, a play so simple in its general outline as to make impossible the elaborate and incoherent waste of the average film; and the sets and costumes, according to the producers, were taken from the drawings of Aubrey Beardsley.

Let there be no mistake about this performance—it is degrading and unintelligent, and cannot, by the most liberal extension of terms, be called artistic.

The limitations of the moving picture are, of course, the limitations of photography, but there is one way in which the aesthetic can incontestably enter the film—through the "still," or the composed background. By reproducing literally the designs of the creative artist the camera performs its most valuable service In the case of Salomé the designs were to be had for the asking, the flat decorations of Aubrey Beardsley being strikingly adapted to the screen.

Now although Aubrey Beardsley is not the great artist he is popularly supposed to be, still he is an artist, and a very serious one; and furthermore, he was, of all the brackish precocities of the decadent nineties, the most brilliantly endowed in strange satire. His work is literary, but it is intense and intelligent. His drawings for the Wilde play, despite their obvious Japanese influence, are truly original, and at times approximate pure design of a distinguished order. But the American director must improve upon them! And to improve upon them he must obliterate them! I defy anyone to show a single point of resemblance between the unimaginative stupidity of the Nazimova production and the work of the English artist. What a smiting scene The Climax would have made! To have rendered it as large as life, identical with Beardsley's black-and-white conception, would have stirred the dullest sensibilities into a shout. Instead we have the simplicity that is not art—stark eccentricity and drab nonsense.

Wilde, also, has been completely eliminated. French titles would not have been feasible, but even the translation of Lord Alfred Douglas has been garbled beyond recognition. The value of the French drama lies, not in its plot—the story is the Biblical legend as modernized by Flaubert—but in the highly charged poetic atmosphere. It matters little that Wilde's imagination was hypertrophied and lascivious, and it is hardly necessary to emphasize the physical artifices and repulsions of his genius; the important fact to remember is that he created within his own narrow scope a curiously consistent and powerfully effective play. I grant that without words most of the power is incommunicable, but with the aid of Beardsley's linear art and with appropriate characterization the general at-

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mospheric tone of the Wilde version might have been maintained. In the pictures all is lost—the fantastic precision of the imagery, the tragic sensuality and the religious terror. The scenes are not elaborate; they are barren, inarticulate and meaningless.

Nazimova, as the daughter of Herodias, has attempted a part for which she has no qualifications. She flits hither and thither with the mincing step of a toe-dancer; she has the figure of a boy, and in her absurd costume, a satin bathing suit of recent pattern, she impresses one as the old Tetrarch's cup-bearer. Try as she will she cannot be seductive—the physical handicap is insurmountable; she tosses her head impudently, grimaces repeatedly and rolls her eyes with a vitreous stare. The effect is comic. The deadly lure of sex, which haunts the Wilde drama like a subtle poison, is dispelled the instant one beholds her puerile form. The Dance of the Seven Veils, used by the poet to release the hideous consequences of lust, is wholly innocuous. Not that one expected, in these censorial days, a danse du ventre, but had Nazimova appeared in the garb contrived by Beardsley she might at least have given a touch of reality to her epicene antics. The other characters can be disposed of summarily. Herodias is a drunken charwoman with frizzy hair; Herod resembles nothing so much as a fat clown; John the Baptist is ascetic and canonically lean, but his leprous debility is not likely to inspire the salacious Princess of Judea with any ideas, either impure or holy. Salomé runs from the gluttonous Tetrarch to the moonlit terrace, and thence to the gaping cistern to peer at the Prophet; she arches her slender brows, stretches flexuously and tries in vain to hold together a succession of irrelative details.

The present inchoate condition of the cinema makes it almost impossible to determine the aesthetic value of a medium which gives the illusion of physical movement by a projected sequence of flat planes. Any motif, either in the world of phenomena or of ideas, is too complex to be presented exhaustively by one art, and it may be that in the film of the future we shall see revealed by some unexpected combinations of silhouette, color and background, states of the soul which shall play upon our emotions with a force equivalent to the sting of actual experience. If so, the moving picture will have arrived at true art.

But this seems improbable. At best it will always be a bastard art. Pictorially it has no significance in its own right; it may, as I have indicated above, serve to reproduce the designs of plastic artists—the tempest aroused by the Caligari experiment was the result of the bizarre modern decorations; and its literary merit is negligible. It remains then to be seen whether the film can convert pantomime into genuine drama. To be sure there are people who weep over pictures, and people who clap their hands; but tears and laughter are false witnesses of art. I refer to an imaginative conception, the dramatic effect of carefully planned and deliberately ordered forces operating toward an inevitable conclusion.

I confess that I am not greatly disturbed over the aesthetics of the question. What is demanded of the moving picture at present is not art or the claptrap released in the name of art, but plain intelligence. Nazimova's Salomé is not more unintelligent than most films—it is only more pretentious in its claims. So long as the debasement of literary and artistic ideas continues to fill the theatres, just so long will the moving picture remain at its low and insufferable stage of vulgarity.

THOMAS CRAVEN.

Sweet Liberty

THE New Society of Artists, as you see it represented at the Anderson Galleries for the fourth year of its exhibitions, seems to be a group held together, in so far as there is any general theme to the association, by the idea of freedom; every artist is free to paint as he chooses. In any important sense such a liberty can mean only one thing, which is that the artist is free to approach actuality in his own way, to create his own reality. He is free to express, so far as he can, his own state of mind toward the actual thing that he paints, to express the thing that he paints in terms of his state of mind. And so it follows that the style, or method of rendering, that he uses, though it need not be photographically true to the actual subject, must be true to itself, it must render the state of mind behind it, or otherwise it makes no sense. Merely painting in a style or method without discovering and securing the character or idea behind it, is to produce something that is just as empty and accidental, so far as art goes, as the actual object was from which it was painted. It merely substitutes one casual object for another. In a word, to take an example, if you paint a bouquet of flowers flat, without shadows and with heavy outlines, it comes to nothing unless this flatness and these heavy outlines are not a mere way of putting on paint but mean something in themselves and in their own kind. Freedom in art comes high, it costs as much as the artist amounts to and is worth just that much.

Most people approach art from the actuality end. They look to see whether the painter's tree is or is not like an actual tree rather than to see what the painter has, in painting, to say about the tree. In an ironical and subtle sense the painter who fails often does exactly the same thing as regards the method. He looks to see that he gets his method rather than to see that he forces the method to express the state of mind that alone could justify its use. And so Mr. Randall Davey's picture of the young lady with a dog is only patter. He takes a young lady in a green sweater and puts her against a hill which mounts behind and above her in one high, brief curve. There is a black dog beside her, and around her a cactus, a leafy bush, and the small plants and grasses of the place. This natural world as Mr. Davey paints it, is a matter of blank spaces, of single grass blades, of leaf by leaf making up a bush. But the whole thing gets nowhere. The dog, not badly drawn, is differently realized from the young lady's indetermined feet. These separate leaves are not seen in any separate character, they have not each leaf in itself the design that would justify the method's departure from the actual visual effect that the painter would see, they mean nothing in their own terms and nothing in actualistic or photographic terms, they are merely foolish. Mr. Robert Henri's three canvases are picturesque and warm; those faces of his appear to have golden lanterns shining behind them. But for all that, the painting of the girl's shawl or of the green skirt of the young woman remains idle method, it is splashing and flourishing with a wide brush but without either any abstract meaning of its own of pure design or any translation of the actual subject into wide-stroke painting. Mr. Freiseke's pictures go on being a pale green and pale pink habit of seeing things in light, or rather in light color.

And many other paintings in the exhibition have idle spots in the midst of them, spots where nothing is rendered, neither nature's truth nor the method's but only the painter running on. Mr. Gifford Beal's promontory has moments

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of life and moments of mere mumbling over the scene. His picture of a man standing beside the sea has animation, tang, in the sea part of it, but the figure is alive neither as a man nor as a piece of art. Mr. DuBois' portrait of Miss Jean Eagels starts off by being an amusing study in a kind of surface world of its own, but it ends by being raucously bland and pretty blank as well. In Mr. McFee's painting he gives you a fine gay courage, he finds surfaces and colors that are fresh and lovely. You get the sense of the painter's not having settled yet on just what he does want to say about the things he sets down; his method, that is, is still partially empty of what will be its final meaning. But even as it stands this painting of Mr. McFee's manages to save itself by expressing what toward its subject and method the state of mind is, experimental.

Mr. George Bellows is not happily represented this year. Of his two portraits one has only a very mild hint of his familiar audacity of approach, the other has an interesting solidity in the figure, or rather in the posture, but apart from that is more or less casual. Looking at them I keep hoping for the time when Mr. Bellows' talent will arrive at more distinguished taste for itself. His two little landscapes have dashes of sharpness that put zest into them; and in the drawings that Mr. Bellows shows you cannot fail to see the great volume of his talent, the robust ease and high spirits that carry him through to such gusto and plenty.

Mr. George Luks' two pieces are more unfortunate still, the study of the old lady is a weak ghost of even its own meaning. Mr. Kroll in his Central Park piece contrives a genuine mood and in the middle ground some swift, good painting. And Mr. John Sloan, amidst no little mediocrity of vision, has a jolly little biting study, with the gravity and luminous weight of the Western country very solidly set down and in the foreground of it three tiny dogs running across. Mr. Rockwell Kent has one picture that, with its almighty sun and its tree shapes, seems to me overwhelmingly obvious, a sort of Blake jazz in fact. But two of Mr. Kent's canvases—though their foregrounds are more assailable and, I think, bad—render a background of mountains, one in dark tones, one in snow, with a primitive veracity that is nowhere else in the exhibition, and with an angular truth, a strong rest, a shock of penetrating form.

Mr. Eugene Speicher has a half length nude that except for a second in the drawing of the shoulders and chest, seems to me uninteresting and out of taste. But the portrait of the young woman, with the black dress and the white fur across from shoulder to shoulder, is one of the best things in the entire exhibition The surface of the fur is white and gray tinged with the olive green that shows in a hanging on the left, the straight line of this soft texture cuts delightfully across the flesh color of that exotic head, with its pallor, its transparency above the exquisite forms of the skull beneath. And he has a large picture of a young man with a gun across his knees, that dashes into one's thoughts of art and actuality with a brave leap. The figure of the man, the table, the chair, none of them are solid exactly, none of them seem to be an attempt at mass or at the usual figure likeness—they are flattened slightly, and seemingly they are lighted some way or other by their own rays. And the whole remains strangely vibrant, complete and alive and decorative.

Mr. Maurice Sterne's nine contributions are the most distinguished in the exhibition. I am not yet at home with the largest of the paintings, the peasant in a blue dress with the background of the Italian village. The details of the houses and trees and town fountain and the girl's tragic head are beautifully put down, and the color everywhere is unique and astonishing, the greens and blues and stone. But the drawing of the shoulders and breast, with their heart-shaped, depressed surface, still, after much looking, confuses me. The girl in rose who sits in a chair leaning on her arm, is entirely beautiful, the tone, the surface and the unforgettable modelling of the head, the perfect repose and security of the whole idea. Those two heads, something in the style of the Second Century Greek portraits from Alexandria but intact with a pathetic life of their own, in no way jar with the landscape below, that downward view of an Italian town, with the strange vitality and repose through the whole canvas. In the corner of another room there is a fine drawing of a nude. And nearby this nude there is a thing that might easily pass unnoticed among so many pieces by so many men, a drawing, on some old waxlike paper and much rubbed, of a low vaulted corridor with the figure of a woman at the end of it. This drawing in an odd way seems to express what is subtly beneath the other eight works by this artist. It suggests a freedom with the medium itself, paint, chalk or pencil, that moves toward the perverse but is withheld from perversity by being so deeply central, so solidly grounded in the artist's idea. The forms of this walled place as one looks at it disappear in one another and into the whole but remain as spirit; they achieve a vibrant mass as abstract as music, a rumor of actuality heard in some inner region. And there is in such work as this what is too often lacking in many of the artists shown, that freedom in continuity of life, and of a state of thought, without which an artist's work is only a kind of aesthetic gadding and gossip, the lovable or tedious egotism and chatter of an expressive child.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Menace to the Home

SIR: I fully agree with Mr. Walter Lippmann in his denunciation of the popular Idiots Tests. They prove nothing. Last year I taught in Antioch College and the different Binet tests were used to establish the intellectual voltage of everybody then living in the Miami Valley. When the results were classified it appeared that my wife was some forty points ahead of the President of the College, the faculty, the students and the Board of Aldermen of Yellow Springs and ME.

The system may eventually be developed into something useful. At present it is utterly untrustworthy and unreliable. It is a danger to the most sacred traditions of the home.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

Baltimore, Maryland.

Defrauding the Indians

SIR: Referring to the letter of Mr. M. K. Sniffen, Secretary of the Indian Rights Association, published in The New Republic of January 3d: The Indian Rights Association protested a previous Bursum bill which never had any chance of passing the Senate and was opposed in committee even by Secretary Fall. So far as I have been able to ascertain, the Indian Rights Association did not publicly or in print protest the Bursum Indian Land bill, Senate 3855. The bill recently introduced in the House by Mr. Snyder is simply a disguised version of this Bursum bill. It is fully as destructive of the public

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Indian land and water rights, and would if passed mean the extinction of the Pueblos. All friends of the Indian should unite in protest against this effort to hoodwink the public by a change of title and phraseology.

Taos, New Mexico. ALICE CORBIN HENDERSON.

The N. R. and "Glittering Generalities"

SIR: For six years I have read the New Republic regularly. Within the past two years I have written to four different contributors in regard to articles appearing in the New Republic. One was "social," three "racial." Each was almost violently partisan, and calculated to arouse the emotions of the reader. I was at pains to make my inquiries unprejudiced, and solely with a view to information, or to draw from the writer some constructive ideas.

One was not answered, one was answered by Mr. Alvin Johnson in a very courteous letter promising a constructive theory "sometime," and two were answered by the writers without answering the questions asked, and in the same spirit of general appeal to passion. These replies were sent to me personally, and neither the questions nor any reply or explanation ever appeared in the New Republic. Nor have I ever read in its columns any communication or editorial showing the opposite side of these pictures.

It is an insult to the intelligence of your readers to repeat that "every question has two sides" and that "nothing is settled by appeal to prejudice." I do not suggest violent propaganda on *both* sides, but I do think that the New Republic should appeal rather to the intelligence than to the emotions of its readers. It would seem to me that only that way lies

> Passage to . . .
> . . . mastership of you,
> Ye strangling problems.

Am I right?

In this connection, and without meaning to throw a monkey-wrench into the machinery, I should like to ask the readers of the New Republic if I am the only one who would appreciate an excursus on the following sentence from the New Republic Idea, viz.: "The ordinary American Citizen who works with his hands, and many who are supposed to work with their brains for a living, are not getting a fair chance."

> e. g.—What is a "fair chance?"
> "Chance" at what?
> *All* Americans—or about what proportion?

These are frequent phrases; they "listen well"; one is naturally inclined to think them full of meaning. But my reason cannot take them at face value without some clarification. Am I intelligent, or only foolish? I don't want to see the New Republic degenerate into the usual organ of propaganda, or purveyor of "Glittering Generalities"—there are too many of them already! CHARLES W. BOWMAN.

Brownsville, Pennsylvania.

The Unpopularity of Great Art

SIR: Despite Mr. Kuttner's theory that ". . . great art has always found its great audience," the "complaint" and "consolation" of the unarrived or unappreciated artists, to wit: "that a great art is never popular" and its reverse, "that a popular art is never great" remain unshaken. I wonder what meaning Mr. Kuttner attaches to the adjective "great" before art and the same adjective before audience.

A story is told of Sylvanus Thompson, the English physicist, who was announced to lecture on a certain date, in a certain place in London. Through someone's error the wrong date was advertised and only one person appeared in the hall on the night of the lecture. But Mr. Thompson was not dismayed. He mounted the platform and delivered his talk with the same enthusiasm as if he had had a capacity audience. When asked to explain his unusual conduct he remarked that he had the greatest audience listening to him that night, inasmuch as the one person present was Benjamin Disraeli. If Mr. Kuttner uses the word "great" before audience in the same sense, I have no quarrel with him. But from what follows I know he does not.

The great artist is by birth a heretic and a rebel; and the heretic and the rebel never was, and never will be popular. He is either burned at the stake, or if the mob be more merciful to him, he is guillotined. Centuries later when the masses have had it drummed into their heads that the artist their forefathers had crucified sought nothing save loyalty to his dream, save truth and beauty, they extol his virtues, erect a monument to his memory and make a martyr of him, at the same time denouncing and jeering the new artist that has arisen in their midst who propounds new truths and seeks new forms of expression. Let me call to Mr. Kuttner's attention the vituperous expletives that have been hurled at Ibsen by the popular London critics of the popular London newspapers after the production of Ghosts. "An egoist and a bungler . . . a crazy fanatic . . . a blooming sort of a ghoul bent on groping for horrors . . . a hopeless pessimist . . . ugly, nasty, discordant and downright dull."

I do not know where the champions of popular art get their information that great art is popular. They tell us that Shakespeare and Molière were popular in their own age and that they are still popular today. Shakespeare's and Molière's reputations are so well established that no one disputes their greatness and no one reads them. It is admitted that they are classics. But I even doubt that they were appreciated in their own ages. There is really no conclusive proof that Shakespeare enjoyed the popularity generally attributed to him by his biographers. Is it not remarkable that we know less about him than about any of his less illustrious contemporaries? It is indisputable that his contemporaries shared equally with him the plaudits of his generation. We know it to be a fact that Shakespeare's erstwhile partner, Alleyn, and the latter's father-in-law, Henslowe, who set up a circus within proximity of the Globe Theatre, inveigled the audience away from many of Shakespeare's performances. And Karl Mantzius tells us that in "books of travel by strangers who visited London at this time, we look in vain for the name of Shakespeare. Not a line is found even about any of his plays." And from another source we learn that Queen Elizabeth, presumably the patron of art, preferred a comedy by Shirley to a tragedy of Shakespeare. How will you reconcile these facts in face of the extraordinary popularity claimed for him?

Molière would scarcely have attained his fame if he were judged solely by the entertainments he wrote specially for the amusement of the King and the people of Paris. His made to order pieces are meretricious, undeserving of serious consideration. It is true that some of his finer plays, such as L'Ecole des Femmes achieved success, but that was because the general public was hardly able to understand the new element introduced by Molière; it was amused and involuntarily attracted. Molière's better plays, however, fared worse with the public. Tartuffe was prohibited because it exposed the bigotry and religious hypocrisy of the Society of the Holy Sacrament, a clique which had become a scourge to its fellow creatures by its insolent interferences in other people's affairs. Le Misanthrope, probably the profoundest of Molière's plays, did not arouse the tempestuous, uproarious applause which rewarded his lesser works. Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme, M. de Pourceaugnac, divertissements, written to amuse, Boileau calls unworthy Molière's genius. In his endeavor to please the public, Molière fell.

Genius and popularity are incomparable and the art through which the genius expresses himself is not food for the common rabble. It goes without saying that whatever is popular is inartistic. Just let us look about us and see what the public crowds to see and what it admires: Coney Island, Billy Sunday, Jack Dempsey, Laura Jean Libbey, the New York Journal, Babe Ruth, John Faithful Hylan, Broadway, Hot Dogs, Jazz, the Flapper. If popular art is great, then all the aforementioned idols and places of amusement are also great.

"Art," says Romain Rolland in Jean Christophe, "is a comet sweeping through the infinite. It may be that its force is useful; it may be that it is apparently useless and dangerous in the existing order of the work-a-day world, but it is a force—it is movement and force, it is the lightning from heaven and for that very reason it is beneficent . . . it is like the sun from whence it has sprung. The sun is neither moral nor immoral. It is that which is; it lights the darkness of space. And so does art." How many will subscribe to this definition of art? Not the masses, I am convinced. WILLIAM J. PERLMAN.

Brooklyn, New York.

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Senator Capper on His Bloc

The Agricultural Bloc, by Arthur Capper. New York: Harcourt Brace & Company. $1.25.

WE are a curious lot of folks in America, unable to give any account of our actions without putting on a puritanical mien, girding ourselves up with the armor of righteousness, and orating about it. They are most curious out in Kansas, especially the politicians. A clever publisher conceives the idea that the reading public would be interested in the story of the agricultural bloc, its personnel, the manner of its organization and the technique of its operation. Americans are always interested in technique; they are eager to know how the thing is done. They will listen for an hour at a Rotary Club luncheon while an advertising man describes the value of various sizes and styles of type in attracting the attention of the magazine reader. So our publisher asks a journalistic senator to write a book on the agricultural bloc.

This was an opportunity to do something unique in the history of American politics. A headless Congress running wild without unity of purpose or direction of effort; an agricultural population in that hysteria of dissatisfaction which seizes our farmers about once every quarter century; a President who had old-fashioned notions about executive interference with the legislative branch of government and who was trying honestly to put his theories into practice. He thought it was a case of turning the clock back, but we see now, and evidently he does too, that it was a task which could be likened much more properly to that of talking the apple back into the bud.

This whole situation offered an excellent opportunity for the astute politician. Why not use the farmer's discontent and his political power, so well established in American traditions, as the foundation of an agricultural bloc? No sooner said than done. The bloc was organized and the work of Congress began to have some direction—not under the leadership of the President, for he almost lost his temper when he spoke of the bloc at an agricultural conference which he had called—but under the guidance of this group of representatives from our farming states. It is a really amazing accomplishment, which bespeaks no lack of initiative or of political sense on the part of its promoters.

The inside story of how this bloc was conceived and born, how it manoeuvred itself into a position of power, how it chuckled over the rebuke which the President's own conference administered to him in the resolutions—this would have been an interesting story. In its writing Senator Capper had an opportunity to exercise all the subtlety, the penetration and the sense of humor which he possessed. Instead of this he walks into the first chapter and winds up like the old grad who is pitching for the alumni team on homecoming day. And the senator is taking it all seriously. It is difficult to get over the impression of those first three pages. There is an opening paragraph of four lines informing us that "The Agricultural Bloc is that group of Members of Congress who have recognized that an economic upheaval threatens the Nation if the foundations of our prosperity are weakened." Then follow nine consecutive paragraphs each beginning with the words "They recognize."

Among the things which the agricultural bloc recognizes, the discriminating reader checks off three on the first page which are not true. These statements are to the effect that the farmer is "the best customer of our industries . . . pays over half the annual cost of transportation and maintains more than half of our public institutions." The reviewer interprets the last of these statements as meaning that the farmer pays half the taxes. As a matter of fact, he paid less than one-fifth of all taxes in this country last year. He does not pay anything like one-half of all transportation costs; and his total purchases upon the market amount to less than one-fifth of all purchases.

The twelfth paragraph is the climax of the opening jeremiad.

> While professing great faith in the man on the land our people have developed an apathy toward the real needs of agriculture until an impending disaster, long forecast and foretold, had to break upon our heads to awaken us.
>
> Even then the apathy continued. For three whole years an almost constant series of warnings by our leading statesmen, economists and thinkers failed to awaken the nation to the need.
>
> Then came the agricultural bloc.
>
> And there grew almost over night large and determined groups, under the leadership of seasoned men, who were farm-bred and trained.

Now since the agricultural bloc was formed early in 1921, three years earlier would make the beginning of the warnings early in 1918. One gets the impression that the "impending disaster long forecast and foretold" had its roots a decade or two back, and that things had been going from bad to worse with the American farmer for many years. In 1918 the situation seems to have reached a climax.

No one acquainted with the course of agricultural prices and agricultural income during the last quarter century can take this sort of thing seriously. If he has taken the trouble to look into the Yearbook of Agriculture, he has found that the gross value of all farm products twenty-five years ago was $3,961,000,000. It rose to five billion dollars in 1900, to six and one-quarter billion in 1905, to nine billion in 1910, and to nine billion eight hundred ninety-five million in 1914. During this period the number of people engaged in bringing forth our agricultural product had increased by hardly more than ten percent. The prices of all commodities other than farm products had not increased more than twenty percent between 1900 and 1914. The product of every person on the farm, therefore, purchased fully one-third more in 1914 than it did in 1900. And yet, as one looks at the chronicles of 1900, the farmer was everywhere reputed to be prosperous and satisfied. From 1914 to 1919 the value of farm products rose to $23,783,000,000. There is no evidence of "impending disaster long foretold" in these facts. In the decade following 1900, when everyone conceded the prosperity of agriculture, the prices of farm products were relatively lower than those of other commodities, taking the situation from 1910 to 1913 as a base. From 1914 to 1919 farm products were on the average eleven points above the prices of other commodities; and at that, the amount of product per person engaged had increased in a marked manner.

It is true that in 1920 the prices of farm products fell below other commodities by eight points. In 1921 and 1922 they were twenty-three and twenty-five points below, respectively. But the deficit in agricultural prices for the

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last three years has not yet wiped out the excess which they enjoyed over other commodities in 1917 to 1919, to say nothing of the three years previous. Some of the labor unions think that the differential gains of the last twenty-five years have gone mainly to farmers. Nothing but increasing profit and increasing prosperity could raise the value of farm land and buildings from seventeen billion to sixty-six billion during the last twenty years.

One thing this book does excellently. It gives an accurate picture of the things which irritated the farmer and made him dissatisfied. It was this same welter of facts misconceived, and this same annoyance at the charge of profiteering and at the loss of profits occasioned by the price-fixing operations of the government, which were at work in the minds of the farmers. The misconception did not differ in kind or degree from the irritation which our financial and industrial leaders felt on a matter such as the operation of the excess profits tax. The irritation of the latter led to the propaganda against the tax on differential profits. It was bottomed upon a misstatement or at least an inadequate knowledge of the facts, and was defended with faulty logic. Those who paid the tax told us that they had shifted it on and raised prices. It had destroyed capital accumulation. Therefore it should be abolished. The result was the same in both cases: propaganda, leading to political action.

The latter part of the book gives a good resumé of the legislative activities of the bloc. Its program for the improvement of the farmer's condition turns out to be pretty colorless. If the future of American agriculture depends upon this, it has nothing to be optimistic about. How insipid it is may be judged from the concluding paragraph of the book, which is entitled A National Policy of Agricultural Advancement.

> Such a policy cannot be evolved in a day, but must come gradually through the steady growth of knowledge and appreciation by large numbers of people. The movement which has taken the form of the subject of this book is, in a way, an expression of the growth of feeling among agricultural leaders. It has not been merely a spontaneous outburst of a steadily growing conviction on the part of that third of our people who live upon the land—the American Farmers.

In a way it is a service to American political life to have written a book like this, for it may goad someone into collecting the facts and interpreting them for us without prejudice.

DAVID FRIDAY.

A Parable of Politeness

The Legends of Smokeover, by L. P. Jacks. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

PHILOSOPHERS sometimes say that we create the things we contemplate by the process of thinking about them. This is a hard saying; but books and other works of art lend countenance to it. Frequently enough they seem to exist as things of artistic importance only in the minds of the people who appreciate them. They are created in a certain image by appreciation. The Legends of Smokeover is an instance of this. Quite a different book is almost certain to be revealed to each of two different types of readers. For one it contains a deep and subtle philosophy, unfolded with distinguished grace and charm in a half satiric parable of a modern rich man. For another it is simpering nonsense.

Sighted from however great a distance by a parched traveller of the literary wastes of metaphysics The Legends of Smokeover would be identified as a treatise on the principles of ethics garnished with the bubbling springs of wit and the waving palms of fantasy. The theme of the fantasy is life in modern industrial society as typified by the sooty chimneys of Smokeover, an English provincial manufacturing city. There are five interweaving legends: the legend of a master book-maker who has grasped the primacy of the unexpected ("In the beginning was the Wager!") and is reordering a chaotic world by a businesslike application of "the principle of Sportsmanship"; the legend of an ethical-cultured millionaire intent upon making a good will ("He would launch into Kant's doctrine of the Good Will, and tell his lawyers to make one"); the legend of an inspired headmistress who affirms her personality in the face of slander; the legend of a Regius Professor of Virtue who writes a book on The Moral Will ("The copartnership of reciprocally interacting personalities"). These characters, and other lesser ones, float easily and pleasantly in a cloud of fantastic incident emerging in the fifth legend as directors of a great betting syndicate that is to underwrite the peace of the world by betting on it.

Through all the dreamlike unreality of episode the book is a feast of reason. All the characters talk philosophy—most of them unconsciously, and all the discourse is flavored with the mild bouquet of academic wit and with the good humor of a professor who can refer to the lore of his profession as the tunes philosophers have whistled to keep their courage up as they pass the cemetery. Beyond this, the book is suffused with an ethereal beauty of phrase that is the natural medium of a high and fine idealism.

> "The beauty of a woman may become, to the beholder whose vision is incorrupted, the passport into a world of absolute and eternal values. Such a vision, unmingled with carnal desire, is a spiritual experience, as pure, as profound, as long lasting as any that is accorded to the soul of man."

Unfortunately, to the intellectually corrupted it is nonsense. To them, for instance, woman is the adult female of the human species, and female beauty is a matter of sex characteristics—however secondary. Under their scrutiny the exotic beauty of the Legends seems actually to accentuate their sense of the book's utter futility.

Here is incisive theological criticism:

> "Moses, from whom Western theology takes its rise, was a lawyer and a conqueror. Beauty and Joy were not on his programme. His daring raid into Palestine, and the appalling atrocities perpetrated by his lieutenant on the inhabitants of the Promised Land, have furnished a model which men of blood and iron have never been slow to imitate; while the Being who directed these butcheries, and sometimes finished them off with his own hand, remains to this day identified in the popular imagination with the Creator and Lawgiver of the universe. Religion, ethics, law international polity are still dominated by ideas appropriate to the conquest of the Canaanites."

Here is also broad social vision:

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Smokeover is an unconscious accessory to the deeds of darkness that are perpetrated beyond its ken. This sprawling city, with its foul congestions, the ill-built streets, the squalid slums, the dismal cemetery, the tawdry palaces, the hideous statues, the vitiated atmosphere, the darkened skies, the dirt, the noise, the shabbiness—what is it all but a faithful image of the international muddle whose begotten offspring it is?

But to what purpose are these thoughts applied? The philosophy ends in rhapsody over a gnawing mouse and the non-love light in a woman's face; the sociology in a cranks' scheme for bringing on the millennium, without scratching the surface of the status quo, through the bookmaking of a sporting syndicate betting against war!

Can these two pictures of The Legends of Smokeover be taken together? If they can, they form a parable of politeness. The principle of sportsmanship, of which the author makes so much, is the key to the parable. There is another book, written to another tune, on the philosophy of the sporting instinct—The Theory of the Leisure Class. In it this instinct is described as the impulse to emulative predation. It is said to be the accredited spiritual attitude of barbarians, boy children and the members of the predatory classes. The canons of decorous living—so highly prized by L. P. Jacks—are here traced to the discipline of prowess in predation. They include among other things the relegation of woman to that life of decorative and honorific futility which "idealism" assumes. Her function is to be radiant for the edification of her lord.

Sometimes university dons perform a similar service. They are one of the most highly trained classes of the community; but it is not their function to do anything, nor even to think anything in particular. Like the noble lady, they fulfill their destiny sufficiently by affirming their personalities, by being politely witty and inventive and perhaps artistic. Under the rule of the sporting instinct education is polite learning, and intelligence a gesture of decorum. This is the second parable of The Legends of Smokeover.

C. E. AYRES.

Cosmopolitan America

The New Americans Series, Edited by Charles Hatch Sears: The Czecho-Slovaks in America, by Kenneth D. Miller; The Russians and Ruthenians in America, by Jerome Davis; The Poles in America; by Paul Fox; The Italians in America, by Philip M. Rose; The Greeks in America, by J. P. Xenides. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.00.

EVEN so short a time as two years ago the student of and the worker in Americanization were forced to realize that there was a paucity of reliable, up to date, collected data on which to base their endeavors. There were books of memoirs by immigrants, some of them good enough of their kind, many such shameless trash as The Americanization of Edward Bok; there were books written from the standpoint of labor and from that of capital; there were armchair effusions full of misstatements such as Dr. Peter Robert's The Problem of Americanization, and Samuel P. Orth's Our Foreigners, which last made one of the volumes in the Chauvinistic series published by Yale University as The Chronicles of America. Indeed there was so much pernicious rubbish of this kind that it is astonishing that the immigrant has come off even as well as he has. But on the other hand there were weighty volumes of great value such as The Immigration Problem, of Jenks and Lauck, and Our Slavic Fellow Citizens by Emily G. Balch, but these were valuable to the scholar rather than to the worker: they were reference works rather than handbooks, and it was handbooks that were needed. Finally, less than a year ago, the Carnegie Corporation completed and began the publication of their series of Americanization Studies. This series of eleven books treated of various phases of immigrant life in America under such titles as Immigrant Health and the Community, The Immigrant's Day in Court, and The Immigrant Press and Its Control. The books were written by experts, were unbiased and trustworthy. They were the first of their kind. Now comes a second series, as important in its way as that of the Carnegie Corporation, compiled under the direction of the Interchurch World Movement, and brought out through the cooperation of the Home Missions Council.

This, the New Americans Series, edited by Charles Hatch Sears, takes up the problem from the racial angle, thus making another step forward. The introduction to the series itself is so terse and explicit that one cannot do better than to quote from it direct.

> The New Americans Series consists of studies of the following racial groups together with a study of the Eastern Orthodox Churches: Albanian and Bulgarian, Armenian and Assyrian-Chaldean, Czecho-Slovaks, Greek, Italian, Jewish, Jugo-Slav (Croatian, Servian, Slovenian), Magyar, Polish, Russian and Ruthenian, or Ukrainian, Spanish and Portugese, Syrian.
>
> These studies, made under the auspices of the Interchurch World Movement, were undertaken to show, in brief outline, the social, economic and religious background, European or Asiatic, of each group and to present the experience—social, economic and religious—of the particular group in America, with special reference to the contact of the given people with religious institutions in America.
>
> It was designed that the studies should be sympathetic but critical. The writer, in each case, is a kinsman or has had direct and intimate relationship with the people, or groups of peoples, presented. First hand knowledge and the ability to study and write from a deeply sympathetic and broadly Christian viewpoint were primary conditions in the selection of authors.

It remains to say then that the five volumes under discussion are the first to be published.

There are certain points which all of these books have in common that may be mentioned in advance. They are short, all under 200 pages; the paragraphs are titled under subjects, thus facilitating reference work; the plan of the volumes is much the same—the old world background of the group under consideration, the status and condition of that group in America with remarks on the causes and present condition of the immigration, and the relationship of the group to the Church; there are also appendices, and in each instance an index. In short the editor has done his work well, and has made the mass of concrete information contained in the books readily "getatable."

The Czecho-Slovaks in America, by Kenneth D. Miller is excellent in its fund of exact information, and entirely correct in its point of view. In spite of this, however, one senses a somewhat stand-offish, academic attitude, and there is a slight tendency to be stiff necked in its generalizations.

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In its treatment of specific problems, and in its citing of concrete examples it is a trifle lacking, but for all this it is reliable and authentic. I feel that the author has failed to get the intensely human quality of his subject, and that this has rather weakened parts of his work. So far as it goes, however, the book is valuable, and certainly it is the best handbook on this racial group that I know of.

The Russians and Ruthenians in America, by Jerome Davis seems to me to be the best of the volumes. Here is a survey that reminds one of the report of the Interchurch on the steel strike in 1919. The chapter entitled Relations with the American People is of immense importance. Mr. Davis has come down to the proverbial brass-tacks; he has given much valuable information on the social and industrial situation of the Russians, and he has backed his statements with example after example. It is to be regretted that he has not been able to do as well for the Ruthenians as he has for the Russians, a failure which he himself remarks. But there is an enthusiasm and a first-hand quality about this book that the subject needs, and, too often, does not get.

The Poles in America by Paul Fox is, I believe, the least good of the series thus far. Its section devoted to European backgrounds is too long, while that telling of the Pole in America is far too short. It is statistical rather than descriptive. The statistics are excellent and should be most useful, but they need the balance that descriptive matter would give them. To a person who knows the subject already such statistics are significant, but to the tyro they are apt to be meaningless unless they are elucidated. Here is neither the enthusiastic thoroughness of the book on the Russians nor the scholarly adequacy of the volume on the Czecho-Slovaks.

Volumes four and five of the series, The Italians in America by Philip M. Rose, and The Greeks in America by J. P. Xenides differ in no very great degree from the others. Of these last, the book on the Italians is distinctly the better in that the conclusions drawn are better supported. Indeed this volume is almost on a par with that on the Russians. The scope of the work is adequate, and each phase of the problem has been dealt with thoroughly enough to provide a sound starting point for further study. Generalities are backed by statistics and other factual matter. On the other hand the volume on the Greeks displays considerable naïveté, especially in its consideration of moral values. There is no question that studies of this kind should be handled by one trained in research or at least that the actual writer should have the results of expert research at his disposal. It is not enough that he be only a scholar or a social worker. One of the several important points made by Mr. Rose in his book on the Italians is his analysis of the factors governing the distribution of immigrants in urban and metropolitan centres. He gives these factors as (1) the economic opportunity our country offers; (2) the immigrant's trade or training; and (3) the location in this country of kinsfolk or former neighbors. This is good, though I disagree with him in his order of importance, for I believe that number 3 should be number 1. It is well known that at least 95 percent of the immigrants know where they are going when they arrive at the port of entry, and that this point of destination is almost always determined by the presence of relatives or friends. But it is ungracious to be captious with these books. The poorest of them will be found to be distinctly useful, for in them all the point of view and the accuracy of data are excellent. As social and economic surveys, however, some cover the ground considerably better than others.

There are two points at which it seems to me that all of these books fall short: first, in their treatment—or lack of treatment—of Americanizing agencies; and second, in their comments on educational influences. It must be remembered, however, that these are *handbooks* for practical use. This requires them to be short and compact with the result that their treatment of any given phase of the life of the immigrant in America is apt to seem a little superficial. In their place, as practical handbooks for the worker, the student or even the average reader they are highly to be commended. Personally I believe that this New Americans Series together with the Americanization Studies of the Carnegie Corporation make up a library on the subject for which there has long been an acute need, and which no student or worker can afford to be without.

EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT.

A New Poet

Granite and Alabaster, by Raymond Holden. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

ONE can do no greater disservice to an emerging author than challenge his future with superlatives. Yet, disdaining the tempting gambit in which the pawns of "promise" and "performance" are tentatively advanced, Granite and Alabaster is unquestionably one of the keenest and most distinguished first books put forward by the new generation of poets. It is, first of all, a book of genuine poetry in the sense that it is that rare fusion of the thing seen with the thing imagined; the incidents may not be real but there is no questioning the validity of the emotion that dramatizes them. It is a thoughtful world that Mr. Holden inhabits—and projects—a world of questioning rocks and introspective skies, of gnarled color and strength, in which nothing can remain soft or smooth, a world in which there is considerably more granite than alabaster. This condensed intellectual vigor pervades Mr. Holden's work; even his lyrics have continual philosophic overtones. From this, it may be inferred that these poems are related to those of Robert Frost by something more than geography, and Holden would, in all probability, be the last to deny the influence. Indeed, there are times when the very accent of Frost's voice rises from these pages. Sugaring, a splendid evocation, reads like a hitherto unpublished segment from North of Boston; Firewood has the identical musing ascent and the dying fall of Mountain Interval; one of the most characteristic poems in the volume ends in the unmistakably Frostian idiom:

> So much for circuses or for any event.
> The coming away is the reality.
> The coming to one's self is what is meant.

But the indebtedness to Frost is not so great that Holden is bankrupt of individuality. Curiously enough, Holden maintains his personality even when he seems most under the spell of his mentor; he escapes mere imitation; his intonation may be faltering, his intensity is always his own. Although the poet's control of his medium is strikingly apparent, his music is strangely uncertain. For the most part his sentences move with an almost colloquial ease but, in the midst of verbal precision, he composes phrases as difficult and ugly as "a shamed swift wish" and "swift feet

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By FREDERICK BAUSMAN

Formerly member of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington.

THIS work, published in London, and already reviewed, both favorably and unfavorably, throughout the world, lays the Great War to French desire for revenge, desire by the corrupt Russian court for war profits and territorial gains, and to offensive diplomacy and military expansion by France and Russia under their secret treaty, by the terms of which Germany, in the event of war, should be compelled "to defend on the east and the west at the same time."

The secret treaty before the war and the secret treaty during the war, between France and Russia, are set out and fully discussed, along with their prewar armaments and their startling military collaboration.

Innumerable diplomatic documents recently revealed disclose the militaristic attitude and confidence of the Poincaré government before the war, the corruption of the French press by Russian funds, and the intimacy of Russian military agents with the French Government.

"It is obviously a very powerful and impartial statement of the causes which led to this awful war."—Earl Loreburn, former Lord Chancellor and member of the Asquith Cabinet.

"Mr. Bausman's remarkable book . . . a powerfully reasoned presentment. . . . His findings on this grand count are precise. . . . His case is closely documented. He has put his finger on the question that must for years to come disquiet the conscience of Europe."—London *Nation and Athenaeum.*

"Mr. Bausman here marshals this large and varied mass of testimony, correlates it with many known but neglected facts of recent European history, and accumulates an overwhelming case for distributed war guilt. In particular he demolishes the myth of a purely pacific and defensive France."—John A. Hobson, London, Lecturer in Economics for Oxford University Extension.

'Deserves attention and a welcome from all whose aim is not to bolster up a prejudiced judgment but to get at the facts. His conclusions are very instructive, all the more because they are arrived at by a mind accustomed to the weighing of evidence.—*Foreign Affairs* (London). Review by Hamilton Fyfe, correspondent of the Northcliffe Press during the War.

"Mr. Bausman's reconstruction of the diplomatic history of the war is extraordinarily skillful. . . . His indictment is thoroughly documented and should form a substantial contribution to the all too slowly growing demand for peace and justice in Europe."—*The Japan Chronicle* (English daily, Kobe).

"It is an impressive case that he builds up. . . . The value of the book is in the mass of quotations adduced, for the volume is very fully documented."—London *Daily News* Reviewed by H. Wilson Harris.

"It should certainly be read side by side with works that seek to establish an entirely different set of responsibilities, for he relies more upon documentary evidence than upon rhetoric."—*The Outlook* (London).

"Mr. Bausman's extremely well documented book. . . . He seems to have read everything. France and Russia come badly out of the examination."—*The New Age* (London). Reviewed by "A. E. R."

"An arresting volume. . . . Many of his assertions are irrefutable; much of his reasoning is convincing."—*The Age* (Melbourne, Australia).

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flash"; his hand—his left hand, obviously—can allow such banal gaucheries as "rich silence," "rare mystery," "silver pain." Such lapses are infrequent; they are, moreover, totally absent from the two dramatic narratives which are the volume's twin eminences. Rock Fowler is equally illuminated by natural description and spiritual implications; the more extended story, The Durhams, is remarkable both for its strength of feeling and its delicacy of delineation. Here is a tale of a farmer who, suddenly faced with the infidelity of his mate, loses his mind and later, in the confusion of ecstasy, mistakes her for "the rare white doe" of his woods, fires at the apparition and—

Old Durham staggered out into the snow
Helped by the proud unbending trunks of trees
Up toward the place where there should be a doe
White as the snowflakes of a Winter breeze.
And then the images came back again—
The irksome man came striding into his brain
And the white woman lay upon the ground.
Then something flashed. He fell without a sound.

Here is a story that might easily have been theatricalized in the telling. Mr. Holden, however, with admirable restraint, has given us the bewildered spirit of the old man, blundering on the border-line of insanity, pathetically submerged, roused suddenly by

a woman's pair of shoes
Down at the heel and broken at the toes.
He dropped the rags and let the shoes fall, too,
And stood and stared at them as if they told
Some old forgotten thing and were a clue
To dishes and cold stove and the storm's cold.

It is such closely-knit details that make one wonder whether Holden's early power will find its fulfillment in the philosophical lyric or in the dramatic portrayal of character. He may—and this volume hints of such a possibility—effect a union of his gifts. One waits the outcome with unusual anticipation. LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Contributors

HAZEL HALL has published one volume of verse, Curtains.

H. M. KALLEN was a teacher of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin and is now on the staff of the New School for Social Research. He is the author of William James and Henri Bergson, Zionism and World Politics, etc.

E. M. K. is an economist by university training and professional experience. He has been actively engaged with problems of cooperation in the United States and in foreign countries.

S. FOSTER DAMON has recently returned from Denmark where he was a fellow of the American Scandinavian Foundation, 1920-21. With Robert Hillyer he has translated A Book of Danish Poetry, just issued by the Foundation, and he is the author of a volume on William Blake.

THOMAS CRAVEN has contributed numerous articles on aesthetics to the Dial and other publications. His first novel, Paint, is to be brought out next month by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

DAVID FRIDAY has been a professor in the economics department of the University of Michigan and is now president of Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing. He is the author of Profits, Wages and Prices, and of various articles on financial subjects.

EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT has until lately been associate director and manager of the Foreign Language Information Service. He is the author of Aspects of Americanization.

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What Really Happens in Washington

The Nation rejoices in the privilege of announcing to its readers that William Hard, beloved and admired by the liberals of this country, is to become its Washington correspondent beginning with the issue of January 31. We desire our readers to know what is really going on in Washington. William Hard is one of the few journalists of this country who can tell them.

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